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THE OLD-SPELLING SHAKESPEARE :  
Being the Works of Shakespeare in the  
Spelling of the best Quarto and Folio Texts  
Edited by F. J. Furnivall and the late  
W. G. Boswell-Stone.





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# A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME

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# A Midsommer Nights Dreame.

## FOREWORDS.

SHAKSPERE began his Comedies with a mixture of French Court life and English peasants in *Loves Labors Lost*, and then turned to Latin drama for his second play, *The Comedie of Errors*. For his (probably) third comedy, *Midsommer Nights Dreame*, he came back to England, and blended Greek Court life, as he imagined it, with the humours of the Warwickshire country folk among whom he had been born and bred, and the fairy-lore which he had learnt in his Stratford home, and of the old people with whom he had gossipt. These he combined into a whole, which, though weak as a drama, is so full of poetic beauties and charming fancies, of delightful humour and cheery merriment, that many critics insist on its belonging to a later period in the playwright's career. But structurally and metrically the comedy belongs to Shakspeare's early time of mistaken identity and cross purposes, of more than two sets of lovers, of ryme and of doggerel, before he had settled down to Italian story for the sources of his lighter plays. Even if Titania's account in II. i. 81-117, of the effect of the storms of wind and rain are held to apply to those of 1594 described by Stowe in his *Annales*, ed. 1605, p. 1274-5, 1277-8,—as well as by Bp. King and Simon Forman—the latter date cannot alter the family-tie which binds the *Dreame* to the *Errors* and *L. L. Lost*.

As our old Trinity-Hall tutor, Sir Henry (then Mr.) Maine, showed in the *Edinburgh Review* for April 1848, "the fairies are the primary conception of the piece, and their action the main action. Shakspeare wished to represent this fanciful creation in contact with two strongly marked extremes of human nature; the instruments by which they influence them being, aptly enough, in one case the ass's head, in the other the 'little

## *A Midsommer Nights Dreame.*

western flower.' It is necessary to this idea that the two actions of the heroes and the artisans should be considered completely subordinate, and their separate relations among themselves as not having been created relatively to the whole piece, but principally to the intended action of the fairies upon them. . . . The *Midsommer Night's Dream* is a drama on the night of Midsummer Day, a night sanctified to the operations of fairies, as Hallowe'en was to those of witches . . . and by far the most important division [of the play] comprehends all the transactions of the Midsummer Night: its action is carefully restricted to the duration of these twelve witching hours, Oberon having, as he says, to perform all before 'the first cock crow.'" The whims of the fairies rule the fates of the mortals in this play; the quarrels of the lovers spring from Oberon's and Titania's quarrel, and their happiness flows from the reconciliation of the fancy beings. Not thus does Shakspeare use the creatures of his imagination in later life when, in the *Tempest*, he makes them the servants of Prospero for the purposes of good.

Theseus, though lightly sketcht, is a true gentleman, as his words about the workmen's play in V. i. 81-105 show; and in love of sport he is rightly matcht with Hippolita, as their delight in the music of the cry of hounds testifies, IV. i. 107-129. Bottom is a gem, with his amusing self-sufficiency and muddleheadedness; and his fellow-mechanicals have each their individual touch. The play is Stratford all through, in woodland, flower, and country lore. Helena and Hermia, the tall and short boys in Shakspeare's company—seen again, tho' perhaps not the same ones, in *Rosalind* and *Celia*, and the short one in *Maria*—are Stratford girls, needle-working and singing together, the little tempery one threatening to scratch the tall one's eyes. These country damsels are earlier in Shakspeare's work than a lady like *Portia*, earlier than *Sylvia* and *Julia*, the latter of whom could never have cald her friend a painted maypole. The funny notion of the earth being bored, and the moon creeping thru it to disturb folk in the Antipodes, may have been taken from a passage and woodcut in Caxton's 'Myrrour of the World,' in which stones dropt from either pole of the world would meet in the middle of it. Tho' Theseus says that four days and nights are to pass before his wedding, only the two nights of



## Forewords.

April 29 and 30, and the three days of April 29 and 30 and May 1 do so pass, tho' the fairies stop with the married couple till the break of the fourth day, May 2.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Fleay thinks that the play was written for the marriage of William Stanley, Earl of Derby, with Elizabeth Vere, the Earl of Oxford's daughter, on Jan. 26, 1595. At their marriage feast then most royally kept (see Stowe's *Annales*, p. 1279), if the *Dreame* had been performd, I think Stowe would have notist it.

The best Quarto of the *Midsommer Nights Dreame* is the first, issued by Thomas Fisher in 1600, and enterd in the Stationers' Company's Register on "8 Octobris, Thomas Fyssher. Entred for his copie vnder thandes of Master Rodes / and the Wardens. A bocke called A mydsommer nightes Dreame. vjd."—Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 174. Its titlepage is given below. Evidently later in 1600, James Roberts printed and publisht the second Quarto of the play, in better type, with fuller stage-directions and more exits, but with more mistakes, tho' it corrected a few of the blunders of Q1. From this worse Q2, the play was printed in the First Folio, and that was reprinted, with a few variations, in the second Folio, 1632, the third, 1664, and the fourth, 1685. In 1598 Francis Meres mentions the *Dreame* as one of Shakspeare's Comedies. The plot of the *Dreame*, such as it is, was Shakspeare's own. He got Oberon from Lord Berners's englisht *Huon of Burdeaux* (Early English Text Soc. ed. Lee, see p. 50), the name Titania from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* iii. 173 and Arthur Golding's translation of it, where Titania is a name of Diana. Puck (pooke, pixy) was the name he gave the Robin Goodfellow of English fairy-lore, of Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584 (ed. Nicholson 1886, p. 67, 122), and Nash's *Terrors of the Night*, 1594. Theseus and Hippolita came from North's englishing of Amiot's French translation of *Plutarch's Lives*, as well as the names Perigenia (Perigouna in North), Ægles, Ariadne and Antiope, *Dreame* II. i. 78-80 (Hazlitt's Sh. Library, p. 15-16, 28-37); and Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* must have been also in Shakspeare's mind when he was writing of Theseus and Hippolita, and of Philostrate, the name that Arcite

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<sup>1</sup> See P. A. Daniel's paper in *Trans. New Sh. Soc.* 1877-9, p. 147.

### *A Midsommer Nights Dreame.*

took when he went to Athens after he got his freedom. The love-juice he may have derived a hint of from the MS. of the englisht Montemayor's *Diana*, printed in 1598, which he probably used in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Shakspere's compliment in II. i. 148-168 to Queen Elizabeth, and his allusions to Mary, Queen of Scots, to her backers, the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and to Leicester's failure to win his Queen, are displayd on a background described in Laneham's Letter on Leicester's Entertainment to Elizabeth at Kenilworth in 1575<sup>1</sup> and in Gascoigne's *Princely Pleasures*.

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<sup>1</sup> See the re-issue of my edition in Chatto & Windus's *Shakespeare Library*.

[*not in Q, or F.*]

## THE NAMES OF ALL THE ACTORS.

(A star (\*) to a scene means that the Actor is in it, but does not speak.)

**THESEUS**, Duke of Athens (*betrothd to HIPPOLITA*), I.i.1, p. 1; IV.i.102, p. 46; V.i.2, p. 52.

**EGEUS**, father of **HERMIA**, I.i.20, p. 2; IV.i.127, p. 47.

**LYSANDER**, loving, & lov'd by, **HERMIA**, I.i.93, p. 4; II.ii.35, 103, pp. 20, 22; III.ii.122, 401, pp. 33, 41; IV.i.140, p. 48; V.i.30, p. 53.

**DEMETRIUS**, loving, but not lov'd by, **HERMIA**, tho lov'd by **HELENA**, I.i.91, p. 3; II.i.188, p. 16; II.ii.85, p. 21; III.ii.43, 137, 404, pp. 31, 33, 41; IV.i.159, p. 48; V.i.152, p. 56.

**PHILOSTRATE**, Master of the Revels to **THESEUS**, I.i.\* p. 1; V.i.38, p. 53.

**HIPPOLITA**, Queene of the Amazonas, *betrothd to THESEUS*, I.i.7, p. 1; IV.i.111, p. 47; V.i.1, 207, pp. 52, 58.

**HERMIA**, **EGEUSES** daughter, in love with **LYSANDER**, I.i.53, p. 2; II.ii.39, 145, pp. 20, 23; III.ii.45, 177, 442, pp. 31, 34, 42; IV.i.188, p. 49; V.i.\* p. 52.

**HELENA** (**NEDARS** daughter), in love with **DEMETRIUS**, I.i.181, p. 6; II.i.195, p. 16; II.ii.84, p. 21; III.ii.128, 431, pp. 33, 42; IV.i.189, p. 49; V.i.\* p. 52.

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'The Clownes,' Actors in the Enterlude. ('Hardhanded men that worke in Athens,' V.i.72, p. 54.)

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**QUINCE** the Carpenter (and Manager), I.ii.1, p. 8; III.i.2, 104, pp. 24, 27; IV.ii.1, p. 50.

as **PROLOGUE** (tho cast for **THISBIES** Father, I.ii.54, p. 10), V.i.108, p. 55.

**SNUGGE** the Ioyner, I.ii.57, p. 10; III.i.44, p. 25; IV.ii.15, p. 51.

as **LION**, V.i.215, p. 58.

**BOTTOM** the Weauer, I.ii.2, p. 8; III.i.1, p. 24; IV.i.5, 199, pp. 43, 49; IV.ii.23, p. 51.

as **PYRAMUS**, V.i.168, 262, 338, pp. 57, 60, 62.

**FLUTE** the Bellowes-mender, I.ii.34, p. 9; III.i.77, p. 26; IV.ii.5, p. 50.

as **THISBY**, V.i.186, 254, 312, pp. 57, 59, 61.



## *The Names of all the Actors.*

**SNOUT** the Tinker, I.ii.53, p. 10; III.i.12, 101, pp. 24, 27; IV.ii,\* p. 50.  
as **WALL** (tho cast for **PYRAMUS** Father, I.ii.54, p. 10), V.i.154, p. 56.

**STARUELING** the Tayler, I.ii.50, p. 9; III.i.13, p. 24; IV.ii.3, p. 50.  
as **MOONSHINE** (tho cast for **THISBIES** Mother, I.ii.51, p. 9), V.i.232,  
p. 59.

**(TAWYER, with a Trumpet, V.i.125-6,\* p. 55.)**

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### Fairies.

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**OBERON**, King of Fairies (with his traine), II.i.60, p. 13; II.ii.27, p. 20; III.ii.1, p. 29; IV.i.45, p. 45; V.i.377, p. 63.

**TYTANIA**, Queene of Fairies (with her traine), II.i.61, p. 13; II.ii.1, p. 19; III.i.113, p. 27; IV.i.1, p. 43; V.i.383, p. 63.

**ROBIN GOODFELLOW**, or **FUCK** (**OBERONS** attendant), II.i.1, 248, pp. 11, 18; II.ii.66, p. 21; III.i.76, p. 26; III.ii.6, 110, 421, pp. 30, 32, 42; IV.ii.83, p. 46; V.i.357, p. 62.

**A Fairie**, II.i.2, p. 11. Fairies (with a song), II.ii.9, p. 19.

**PEASE-BLOSSOME**, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.6, p. 43.

**COBWEBBE**, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.9, p. 43.

**MOTH**, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i,\* p. 43.

**MUSTARD-SEEDE**, III.i.144, p. 28; IV.i.18, p. 44.

} **TYTANIAS** Attendants.

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*Scene: Athens, Theseuses Palace, & Quinces house; & a Wood near Athens.*

*Time: April 28, 30, May 1, and May 2 at V.i.349.*

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### NOTICE

In the Text, black type (Clarendon or *Sans-serif*) is used for all emendations and insertions.

When a *Quarto* reading is corrected by the *First Folio* or another *Quarto*, a mark (\*, †, ‡, §) is set to such reading.

In the Notes 'Q' means the *First Quarto*, 1600, from which the Play is edited. 'F' means the *First Folio* of 1623. F2, the *Second Folio* of 1632 (whose emendations are not treated as Shakspeare's).

¶ In the Text, means that the speaker turns and speaks to a fresh person.

Words having now a different stress to the Elizabethan, are generally accented, for the reader's convenience, as 'exile,' &c. When -ed final is pronounst as a separate syllable, the e is printed ē.



A  
Midfommer nights  
dreame.

As it hath beene fundry times pub-  
lickely acted, by the Right honoura-  
ble, the Lord Chamberlaine his  
seruants.

*Written by William Shakespeare.*



¶ Imprinted at London, for *Thomas Fisher*, and are to  
be foulded at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart,  
in *Fleetstreete*. 1600.

[From the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the Quarto.]



# A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME.

*Actus Primus.\* Scena Prima.*

**THESEUS** *palace. Athens. April 29.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLITA, & PHILOSTRATE, with others.*

*Theseus.*

**N**OW, faire *Hippolita*, our nuptiall hower 1  
Draws on apace: fower happy daies bring in

An other Moone: but oh, me thinks, how flow  
This old Moone wanes! She lingers my desires, 4  
Like to a Stepdame, or a Dowager,

Long withering out a yong mans reuenewe.

*Hip.* Fower daies will quickly steepe themselues in night:  
Fower nights will quickly dreame away the time: 8

And then the Moone, like to a siluer bowe,  
New bent in heauen, shall beholde the night  
Of our solemnities.

*The.* **Goe, Philostrate!**

Stirre vp the *Athenian* youth to merriments; 12  
Awake the peart and nimble spirit of Mirth;  
Turne Melancholy foorth to Funerals!

The pale companion is not for our pomp. [*Exit PHILOSTRATE.*

¶ *Hyppolita*,† I woo'd thee with my sword, 16  
And wonne thy loue, doing thee iniuries;

But I will wed thee in another key,  
With pompe, with triumph, and with reueling.

\* *Actus Primus.*] F.

4. *wanes*] *waues* (turnd n) Q;  
*waues* Q2, F.

10. *new*] Rowe. now Q1, 2, F.

† 16. *Hyppolita*] *Hyppolitæ* Q.  
*Hippolita* Q2, F.

*A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*Enter EGEUS and his daughter HERMIA, and LYSANDER ;  
and HELENA, and DEMETRIUS.*

*Ege.* Happy be *Theſeus*, our renown'd duke ! 20

*The.* Thanks, good *Egëus* ! Whats the newes with thee ?

*Ege.* Full of vexation, come I, with complaint  
Against my childe, my daughter *Hermia*.

¶ Stand forth, *Demetrius* !

¶ My noble Lord, 24

This man hath my consent to marry her.

¶ Stand forth, *Lysander* !

¶ And, my gracious Duke,

This man hath bewicht the bosome of my childe.

¶ Thou, thou, *Lysander* ! thou hast giuen her rimes 28

And interchang'd loue-tokens with my childe :

Thou hast, by moone-light, at her windowe sung,

With faining voice, verses of faining loue,

And stolne the impressiõ of her phantasie 32

With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceites,

Knackes, trifles, noſegaies, fweete-meates, (messengers

Of strong preuailement in vnhardened youth :)

With cunning hast thou filcht my daughters heart, 36

Turnd her obedience (which is due to mee,)

To stubborne hartnesse. ¶ And, my gracious Duke,

Be it so, she will not here, before your Grace,

Consent to marry with *Demetrius*, 40

I beg the auncient priuiledge of *Athens* :

As she is mine, I may dispose of her :

Which shall be, either to this gentleman, [*Points to DEMETRIUS.*

Or to her death ; according to our lawe, 44

Immediatly provided, in that case.

*The.* What say you, *Hermia* ? Be aduif'd, faire maid !

To you, your father should be as a God :

One that compos'd your beauties ; yea, and one 48

To whome you are but as a forme in wax,

By him imprinted, and within his power

To leaue the figure, or disfigure it :

*Demetrius* is a worthy gentleman. 52

*Her.* So is *Lysander*.

*The.*

In himselfe he is :

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

But, in this kinde, wanting your fathers voice,  
The other muſt be held the worthier.

*Her.* I would my father lookt but with my eyes ! 56

*The.* Rather, your eyes muſt, with his iudgement, looke !

*Her.* I doe intreat your grace to pardon mee !

I know not by what power I am made bould ;  
Nor how it may concerne my modeſty, 60

In ſuch a preſence, here to plead my thoughts :

But I beſeech your Grace, that I may knowe

The worſt that may befall mee in this caſe,

If I reſuſe to wed *Demetrius*. 64

*The.* Either to dy the death, or to abiure,  
For euer, the ſociety of men.

Therefore, faire *Hermia*, queſtion your deſires,  
Knowe of your youth, examine well your blood, 68

Whether (if you yeelde not to your fathers choyce,)

You can endure the liuery of a Nunne,

For aye to be in ſhady cloyſter mew'd,

To liue a barraine ſiſter all your life, 72

Chaunting faint hymnes to the colde fruitleſſe Moone.

Thriſe bleſſed they that maſter ſo their\* bloode,

To vndergoe ſuch maiden pilgrimage ;

But earthlyer happy, is the roſe diſtild, 76

Then that, which, withering on the virgin thorne,

Growes, liues, and dies, in ſingle bleſſedneſſe !

*Her.* So will I growe, ſo liue, ſo die, my Lord,

Ere I will yield my virgin Patent vp 80

Vnto his Lordſhippe, whoſe vnwiſhed yoake

My ſoule conſents not to giue ſoueraignty.

*The.* Take time to pawſe, and, by the next newe moone,  
(The ſealing day betwixt my loue and mee 84

For euerlaſting bond of fellowſhippe,)

Vpon that day, either prepare to dye,

(For diſobedience to your fathers will,)

Or elſe to wed *Demetrius*, as he would ; 88

Or, on *Dianaes* altar, to proteſt

For aye, auſteritie and ſingle life.

*Deme.* Relent, ſweete *Hermia* ! ¶ and, *Lyſander*, yeeld

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\*74. *their*] their Q2, F. there Q.

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Thy crazed tittle to my certaine right ! 92  
*Lyf.* You haue her fathers loue, *Demetrius* ;  
 Let me haue *Hermias* ! doe you marry him !  
*Egeus.* Scornefull *Lyfander* ! true, he hath my loue ;  
 And what is mine, my loue shall render him. 96  
 And she is mine ; and all my right of her,  
 I doe estate vnto *Demetrius*.  
*Lyfand.* I am, my Lord, as well deriu'd as hee,  
 As well posselt ; my loue is more than his ; 100  
 My fortunes euery way as fairely rankt  
 (If not with vantage) as *Demetrius* :  
 And (which is more then all these boastes can be,)  
 I am belou'd of beautilous *Hermia*. 104  
 Why should not I then profecute my right ?  
*Demetrius* (He auouch it to his heade !)  
 Made loue to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,  
 And won her foule ; and she (sweete Ladie) dotes, 108  
 Deuoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,  
 Vpon this spotted and inconstant man.  
*The.* I must confesse that I haue heard so much ;  
 And, with *Demetrius*, thought to haue spoke thereof ; 112  
 But, being ouer full of selfe affaires, [looks at *HYP.*  
 My minde did loose it. ¶ But, *Demetrius*, come !  
 ¶ And come, *Egeus* ! you shall goe with mee ;  
 I haue some priuate schooling for you both. 116  
 ¶ For you, faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe  
 To fit your fancies to your fathers will ;  
 Or else, the Law of *Athens* yeelds you vp  
 (Which by no meanes we may extenuate,) 120  
 To death, or to a vowe of single life.  
 ¶ Come, my *Hyppolita* ! what cheare, my loue ? [takes her  
 ¶ *Demetrius* and *Egeus*,\* goe along ! hand.  
 I must employ you in some businesse, 124  
 Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you  
 Of some thing, nerely that concerns your selues.  
*Ege.* With duety and desire, we follow you.  
 [Exeunt. Manent *LYSANDER* and *HERMIA*.†

\*123. *Egeus*] Q2, F. *Egeu* Q.

†127. *Exeunt. Manent* . . . ] *Exeunt.* Manet F. *Exeunt.* Qq.

# *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*Lyfand.* How now, my loue? Why is your cheeke fo pale?  
How chance the rofes there doe fade fo faft? 129

*Her.* Belike, for want of raine, which I could well  
Beteeme them, from the tempeft of my eyes.

*Lif.* Eigh me! for aught that I could euer reade, 132  
Could euer here by tale or hiftory,  
The courfe of true loue neuer did runne fmoother;  
But either it was different in bloud;

(*Her.* O croffe! too high to be intrald to lowe.) 136

*Lif.* Or elfe misgrafted, in refpect of yeares;

(*Her.* O fpight! too olde to be ingag'd to young.)

*Lif.* Or elfe, it ftoode vpon the choyce of friends;

(*Her.* O hell! to choofe loue by anothers eyes.) 140

*Lyf.* Or, if there were a fymphony in choyce,  
Warre, death, or fickneffe, did lay fiege to it,  
Making it momentany, as a found;  
Swift, as a shadowe; fhort, as any dreame; 144

Briefe, as the lightning in the collied night,

That (in a fpleene) vnfold both heauen and earth,

And, ere a man hath power to fay, 'Beholde!'

The iawes of darkeneffe do deuoure it vp 148

So quicke, bright things come to confufion!

*Her.* If, then, true louers haue bin euer croft,  
It ftands as an edict in deftiny;  
Then let vs teach our triall, patience, 152  
Becaufe it is a customary croffe,

As dewe to loue, as thoughts, and dreames, and fighes,  
Wifhes, and teares, poore Fancies followers.

*Lyf.* A good perfuafion: therefore, heare mee, *Hermia*!  
I haue a widowe aunt, a dowager, 157

Of great reuénenew, and fhe hath no childe:

From *Athens* is her houfe remote, feauen leagues;

And fhe refpectes mee as her only fonne. 160

There, gentle *Hermia*, may I marry thee;

And, to that place, the fharp *Athenian* law

Can not purfue vs. If thou loueft mee, then, 164  
Steale forth thy fathers houfe to-morrow night;

And in the wood, a league without the towne,

136. *lowe*] Theobald. loue Qq, F.

154. *dewe*] Q. due Q2, F.  
[I. i. 128-165.



## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,  
To do obseruance to a morne of May,)
   
There will I stay for thee.

*Her.* [*takes Lys.'s hand*] My good *Lyfander* ' 168  
 I sweare to thee, by *Cupids* strongest bowe,  
 By his best arrowe, with the golden heade,  
 By the simplicitie of *Venus* doues,  
 By that which knitteth foules, and prospers loues, 172  
 And by that fire which burnd the *Carthage* queene,  
 When the false *Troian* vnder faile was seene, 174  
 By all the vowes that euer men haue broke,  
 (In number more then euer women spoke!) 176  
 In that same place thou hast appointed mee,  
 To-morrow truly will I meete with thee! 178  
*Lyf.* Keepe promise, loue! Looke, here comes *Helena*!

*Enter HELENA.*

*Her.* God speede, faire *Helena*! whither away?

*Hel.* Call you mee 'faire'? That 'faire' againe vn fay! 181

*Demetrius* loues your 'faire': ô happy 'faire'!

Your eyes are loadstarres; and your tongue's sweete aire 183

More tunable then larkes, to sheepeheards eare,

When wheat is greene, when hawthorne buddes appeare. 185

Sickness is catching: O, were fauour so,

Your words *Ide* catch, 'faire' *Hermia*, ere I goe; 187

My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye,

My tongue should catch your tongues sweete melody! 189

Were the world mine, (*Demetrius* being bated,)

The rest ile giue to be to you translated. 191

O, teach mee how you looke; and with what Art,

You sway the motion of *Demetrius* heart! 193

*Her.* I frowne vpon him; yet hee loues mee still.

*Hel.* O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skil!

*Her.* I giue him curses; yet he giues mee loue.

*Hel.* O that my prayers could such affection moue! 197

*Her.* The more I hate, the more he followes mee.

*Hel.* The more I loue, the more he hateth mee. 199

*Her.* His folly, *Helena*, is no fault of mine.

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182. *your*] Q. you F. 187. *Ide*] F2. I Qq, F.

191. *ide*] Q, F. ide Hanmer

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Hel.* None but your beauty : would that fault were mine !

*Her.* Take comfort ! he no more shall see my face :

*Lyfander* and my felfe will fly this place. 203

Before the time I did *Lifander* see,

Seem'd *Athens* as a Paradife to mee. 205

O then, what graces in my loue dooe dwell,

That hee hath turn'd a heauen vnto a hell ! 207

*Lyf.* *Helen* ! to you our mindes wee will vnfold :

To-morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth beholde 209

Her filuer visage in the wattry\* glaffe,

Decking with liquid pearle the bladed graffe, 211

(A time that louers flights doth still conceale)

Through *Athens* gates, haue wee deuif'd to feale. 213

*Her.* And in the wood, where often you and I,

Vpon faint Primrose beddes were wont to lye, 215

(Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld,)

There, my *Lyfander* and my felfe shall meete ;

And thence, from *Athens*, turne away our eyes, 219

To seeke new friends and strange companions.

Farewell, sweete playfellow ! pray thou for vs, 221

And good lucke graunt thee thy *Demetrius* !

¶ Keepe word, *Lyfander* ! we must starue our fight 223

From louers foode, till morrow deepe midnight. 223

[Exit *HERMIA*.]

*Lyf.* I will, my *Hermia*. ¶ *Helena*, adieu !

As you on him, *Demetrius* dote on you ! [Exit *LYSANDER*.]

*Hele.* How happie some, ore otherfome can be !

Through *Athens*, I am thought as faire as shee. 227

But what of that ? *Demetrius* thinkes not so ;

He will not knowe, what all but hee doe know. 229

And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes,

So I, admiring of his qualities. 231

Things base and vile, holding no quantitie,

Loue can tranipose to forme and dignitie. 233

Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde ;

And therefore is wingd *Cupid* painted blinde. 235

Nor hath loues minde, of any iudgement taste ;

Wings, and no eyes, figure vnheedy haste. 237

207. vnto a] Q. into Q2, F.

\*210. wattry] watty Q. watty Q2, F.

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

And therefore is loue faid to bee a childe,  
Becaufe, in choyce, he is fo oft beguil'd. 239  
As waggish boyes, in game themfelues forswear,  
So the boy, Loue, is periur'd euery where. 241  
For, ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyen,  
Hee hayld downe othes, that he was onely mine. 243  
And when this haile, some heate from *Hermia* felt,  
So he diffolued, and showrs of oathes did melt. 245  
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:  
Then to the Wodde, will he, to morrow night 247  
Purfue her: and for this intelligence,  
If I haue thanks, it is a deare expenfe: 249  
But herein meane I to enrich my paine,  
To haue his fight, thither, and back againe. [*Exit.* 251]

*Actus Primus. Scena Secunda.*

*QUINCES house. Athens. April 29.*

*Enter, QUINCE the Carpenter, and SNUGGE the Ioyner, and  
BOTTOM the Weauer, and FLUTE the Bellowes mender,  
& SNOOT the Tinker, and STARUELING the Tayler.*

*Quin.\** Is all our company heere?

*Bot.* You were beft to call them generally, man by man,  
according to the fcrippe. 3

*Quin.* Here is the fcrowle of euery mans name, which is  
thought fit, through al *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, be-  
fore the Duke, & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night.

*Bott.* Firft, good *Peeter Quince*, fay what the Play treats on;  
then read the names of the Aftors; & fo grow to a point! 8

*Quin.* Mary, our Play is, 'The moft lamentable comedy,  
and moft cruell death, of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*.'

*Bot.* A very good peece of worke, I affure you, & a merry!  
Now, good *Peeter Quince*, call forth your Aftors, by the  
fcrowle! ¶ Masters, fpreade your felues! [*They do so.* 13

*Quin.* Anfwere, as I call you. ¶ *Nick Bottom*, the Weauer?

*Bott.* Readie! Name what part I am for, and proceede!

*Quin.* You, *Nick Bottom*, are fet downe for *Pyramus*. 16

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\*1. *Quin.*] Q2, F. *Quin.* (turnd u) Q.

I. i. 238-251; ii. 1-16.]

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Bott.* What is *Pyramus*? A louer, or a tyrant? 17

*Quin.* A louer, that kils himselfe, most gallant, for loue.

*Bott.* That will aske some teares in the true performing of it. If I doe it, let the Audience looke to their eyes! I wil mooue stormes! I will condole, in some measure! To the rest! . . . yet my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split 23

*The raging rocks:  
And shiuering shocks  
Shall breake the locks  
Of prison gates! 27  
And Phibbus carre  
Shall shine from farre,  
And make & marre  
The foolish Fates! 31*

This was loftie! Now, name the rest of the Players! This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: A louer is more condoling!

*Quin.* *Francis Flute*, the Bellowes mender?

*Flu.* Here, *Peeter Quince*! 35

*Quin.* *Flute*, you must take *Thyby* on you.

*Flut.\** What is *Thyby*? A wandring knight?

*Quin.* It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must loue. 38

*Fl.* Nay, faith; let not me play a woman! I haue a beard comming. [*strokes his chin.*]

*Quin.* That's all one! you shall play it in a Maske; and you may speake as small as you will. 42

*Bott.* And I may hide my face, let me play *Thyby* too!† Ile speake in a monstrous little voice, thifne, thifne: 'Ah, *Pyramus*, my louer deare! thy *Thyby* deare, & Lady deare!' 45

*Qu.* No, no! you must play *Pyramus*: ¶ & *Flute*, you *Thyby*.

*Bot.* Well, proceede!

*Qui.* *Robin Starueling*, the Tailer? 49

*Star.* Here, *Peeter Quince*!

*Quin.* *Robin Starueling*, you must play *Thybyes* mother.

¶ *Tom Snowte*, the Tinker?

\*37. *Flut.*] F. Fla. Q1, 2.

†43. *too*] F. to Q1, 2.

44. *thisne, thisne* = this'n, this

way, this way. 'Thisne, Thisne'  
Q, F.

# *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*Snowt.* Here, *Peter Quince* ! 53

*Quin.* You, *Piramus* father; my felfe, *Thisbies* father<sup>1</sup>.  
¶ *Snugge*, the Ioyner! you, the *Lyons* part: And, I hope,  
here is a Play fitted! 56

*Snug.* Haue you the *Lyons* part written? Pray you, if it  
bee, giue it mee; [*holds out his hand*] for I am slowe of studie.

*Quin.* You may doe it *extempore*; for it is nothing but  
roaring. 60

*Bot.* Let mee play the *Lyon* too!\* I will roare, that I will  
doe any mans heart good to heare mee! I will roare, that I  
will make the Duke say, 'Let him roare againe! let him  
roare againe!' 64

*Quin.* And you should doe it too terribly, you would fright  
the Dutcheffe, and the Ladies, that they would shrike; and  
that were inough to hang vs all.

*All.* That would hang vs, euery mothers sonne! 68

*Bot.* I grant you, friends, if you should fright the Ladies  
out of their wits, they would haue no more discretion but to  
hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voice so, that I will roare  
you as gently as any sucking doue; I will roare you and<sup>2</sup>  
'twere any Nightingale. 73

*Quin.* You can play no part but *Piramus*; for *Piramus* is  
a sweete fac't man; a proper man as one shall see in a fom-  
mers day; a most louely gentlemanlike man: therefore you  
must needes play *Piramus*. 77

*Bot.* Well; I will vndertake it. What beard were I beft  
to play it in?

*Quin.* Why, what you will. 80

*Bot.* I wil discharge it, in either your straw-colour beard,  
your Orange-tawnie bearde, your purple-in-graine beard, or  
your *French*-crowne-colour beard, your perfit yellow. 83

*Quin.* Some of your '*French* crownes' haue no haire at  
all; and then you will play bare-fac't. But, *Maisters*! here  
are your parts! [*gives em*] And I am to intreat you, request  
you, and desire you, to con them by to morrow night; and  
meete mee in the palace wood, a mile without the towne, by  
*Moonelight*: there will wee rehearse: for if wee meete [89

<sup>1</sup> See note on *L. L. L.*, V. i. 105. | 69. *if*] Q1, 2. If that F.

\*61. *too*] Q2, F. to Q. | <sup>2</sup> and = as if.



*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

in the city, wee shal be dogd with company, and our deuises known. In the meane time, I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, faile me not. 92

*Bot.* Wee will meete; & there we may rehearse most obscenely, and coragiously. Take paines! bee perfit! adieu!

*Quin.* At the Dukes oke wee meete. 95

*Bot.* Enough! holde, or cut bowfrings! [*Exeunt.*]

*Actus Secundus.\* Scena Prima.*

*A Wood neere Athens. April 30.*

¶ *Enter, a Fairie at one doore, and ROBIN GOODFELLOW (PUCKE) at another.*

*Robin.* How now, spirit? whither wander you?

*Fa.* Ouer hill, ouer dale, 2

Thorough bush, thorough brier,

Ouer parke, ouer pale,

Thorough flood, thorough fire, 5

I do wander euery where,

Swifter than the Moons sphere; 7

And I serue the Fairy Queene,

To dew her orbs vpon the greene. 9

The cowslippes tall, her Pensioners bee;

In their gold coats, spottes you see: 11

Those be Rubies, Fairie fauours;

In those freckles, liue their fauours. 13

I must goe seeke some dew-droppes here,

And hang a pearle in euery cowslippes eare. 15

Farewell, thou Lobbe of spirits! Ile be gon.

Our Queene, and all her Elues, come here anon. 17

*Rob.* The king doth keepe his Reuels here to night.

Take heede the Queene come not within his fight; 19

For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,

Because that she, as her attendant, hath 21

A louely boy, stollen from an *Indian* king:

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\* *Actus Secundus*] F.

# *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

(She neuer had so fweete a changeling;)	23
And iealous <i>Oberon</i> would haue the childe,	
Knight of his traine, to trace the forrests wilde.	25
But shee, perforce, withhoulds the loued boy,	
Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her ioy.	27
And now, they neuer meete in groue or greene,	
By fountaine cleare, or spangled starlight sheene,	29
But they doe square, that all their Elues, for feare,	
Creepe into acorne cups, and hide them there.	31
<i>Fa.</i> Either I mistake your shape and making, quite,	
Or els you are that shrewde and knauish sprite	33
Call'd <i>Robin goodfellow</i> . Are not you hee	
That frights the maidens of the Villageree;	35
Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,	
And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne;	37
And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme;	
Mislead nightwanderers, laughing at their harme?	39
Those, that ' <i>Hobgoblin</i> ' call you, and ' <i>fweete Puck</i> ,'	
You doe their worke, and they shall haue good luck.	41
Are not you hee?	
<i>Rob.</i> Thou speakest aright;	
I am that merry wanderer of the night.	43
I ieast to <i>Oberon</i> , and make him smile,	
When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile,	45
Neyghing in likeness of a filly foal.	
And sometime lurke I in a gossip's bole,	47
In very likeness of a roasted crabbe;	
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,	49
And on her withered dewlop <sup>1</sup> poure the ale.	
The wisest Aunt, telling the saddest tale,	51
Sometime, for three foote stoole, mistaketh mee:	
Then slippe I from her bumme: downe topples she,	53
And 'tailour' cries, and fallies into a coffe;	
And then the whole Quire hould their hippes, and losse,	55
And waxen in their myrth, and neeze, and sweare	
'A merrier hower was neuer wasted there!'	57
But roome, Faery! here comes <i>Oberon</i> !	
<i>Fa.</i> And here, my mistress! Would that he were gon!	59

<sup>1</sup> C. lop-eared rabbits. 46. *filly*] Q. silly Q2, F. 55. losse = laugh.  
[II. i. 23-59.] 12

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Enter the King of Fairies, (OBERON) at one doore, with his traine; and the Queene, (TYTANIA) at another, with hers.*

*Ob.* Ill met by moonelight, proud *Tytania!* 60

*Qu.* What! Iealous *Oberon*? ¶ *Fairies*, skippe hence!  
I haue forsworne his bedde, and company.

*Ob.* Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy Lord?

*Qu.* Then I must be thy Lady: but I know 64  
When thou hast stollen away from Fairy land,

And, (in the shape of *Corin*,) sat all day,  
Playing on pipes of corne, and versing loue,  
To amorous *Phillida*. Why art thou here, 68  
(Come from the farthest steppe of *India*),

But that, forfooth, the bounfing *Amason*,  
Your buskind mistresse, and your warriour loue,  
To *Thefeus* must be wedded; and you come, 72  
To giue their bedde, ioy and prosperitie?

*Ob.* How canst thou thus, (for shame,) *Tytania*,  
Glauce at my credit with *Hippolita*,  
Knowing I know thy loue to *Thefeus*? 76  
Didst not thou lead him through the glimmering night  
From *Perigenia*, whom he rauish'd?

And make him, with faire *Aegle* breake his faith,  
With *Ariadne*, and *Antiopa*? 80

*Quee.* These are the forgeries of iealousie:  
And neuer, (since the middle Sommers spring,)  
Met we on hill, in dale, Forrest, or meade,  
By pau'd fountaine, or by rushe brooke, 84  
Or in the beach'd margent of the Sea,

To daunce our ringlets to the whistling winde,  
But with thy brawles thou hast disturbd our sport.  
Therefore the windes, pyping to vs in vaine, 88  
As in reuenge, haue suckt vp from the Sea,

Contagious fogges: which, falling in the land,  
Hath euery pelting riuier made so proude,  
That they haue ouerborne their Continents. 92

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61. *Fairy*] Q1, 2, F: the one chief | l. 144.  
or attendant Fairy of line 58; the | 69. *steppe*] *steepe* Q2, F.  
'traine' who enter, fall back; but | 79. *Aegle*] Rowe. *Eagles* Q1, 2,  
all are included in the 'Fairies' of | F.

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

The Oxe hath therefore stretcht his yoake in vaine, The Ploughman loft his sweate, and the greene corne Hath rotted, ere his youth attaine a bearde :	
The fold stands empty in the drownèd field, And crows are fatted with the murrion flocke, The nine mens Morris is fild vp with mudde, And the quaint Mazes in the wanton greene, For lacke of tread, are vndistinguifhable.	96    100
The humane mortals want their winter heere : No night is now with hymne or carroll bleft. Therefore the Moone (the gouerneſſe of floods) Pale in her anger, waſhes all the aire, That Rheumaticke diſeaſes doe abound ; And, thorough this diſtemperature, wee ſee The ſeaſons alter : hoary-headed froſts Fall in the freſh lappe of the Crymſon roſe ; And, on old <i>Hyems</i> chinne and Icy crowne, An odorous Chaplet of ſweete Sommer buddeſ, Is, as in mockery, ſet. The Spring, the Sommer, The childing Autumne, angry Winter, change Their wonted Liueries ; and the mazèd worlde, By their increaſe, now knowes not which is which : And this ſame progeny of euils, comes From our debate, from our diſſention :	   104     108      112
We are their Parents and originall.	116
<i>Oberon.</i> Doe you amend it, then ! it lyes in you. Why ſhould <i>Titania</i> croſſe her <i>Oberon</i> ? I doe but begge a little Changeling boy, To be my Henchman.	   120
<i>Queene.</i> Set your heart at reſt ! The Faيري Land buies not the childe of mee ! His mother was a Votreſſe of my order ; And in the ſpicèd <i>Indian</i> ayer, by night, Full often hath the goſſipt by my fide, And fat with me on <i>Neptunes</i> yellow ſands, Marking th'embarkèd traders on the flood, When we haue laught to ſee the ſailes conceaue,	   124    128

109. *chinne*] Q1, 2, F. *thin* | thin hair, or a thin coating of ice?)  
Tyrwhitt, conj. adopted by Halli- | A ſubſtitute is wanted for the beard-  
well, &c. But why 'thin'? (For | icicles that hang from *Hyems's* chin.  
II. i. 93-128.] 14

## *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame*

And grow bigge-bellied, with the wanton winde;  
Which she, with prettie and with swimming gate,  
Following, (her wombe then rich with my young squire),  
Would imitate, and saile vpon the land, 132  
To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,  
As from a voyage, rich with marchandise.  
But she, being mortall, of that boy did dye,  
And, for her sake, doe I reare vp her boy; 136  
And, for her sake, I will not part with him.

*Ob.* How long, within this wood, entend you stay?

*Quee.* Perchaunce, till after *Theſeus* wedding day. 139  
If you will patiently daunce in our Round, 140  
And see our Moonelight Reuelles, goe with vs!  
If not, fhunne me, and I will spare your haunts!

*Ob.* Giue mee that boy, and I will goe with thee!

*Quee.* Not for thy Fairy kingdome! ¶ Fairies, away! 144  
We shall chide downeright, if I longer stay!

[*Exeunt TYTANIA and her Trainee.*]

*Ob.* Well: goe thy way! Thou shalt not from this groue,  
Till I torment thee for this iniury!

¶ My gentle *Pucke*, come hither! Thou remembreſt, 148  
Since once I ſat vpon a promontory,  
And heard a Mearemaide, on a Dolphins backe,  
Vttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious \* breath,  
That the rude ſea grewe ciuill at her ſong, 152  
And certaine† ſtarres ſhot madly from their Spheares,  
To heare the Sea-maids muſicke.

*Puck.* I remember!

*Ob.* That very time, I ſaw, (but thou could'ſt not,)  
Flying betweene the colde Moone and the earth, 156  
*Cupid*, all arm'd: a certaine aime he tooke  
At a faire Veſtall, throned by the‡ weſt,  
And looſ'd his loue-ſhaft ſmartly from his bowe,  
As it ſhould pearce a hundred thouſand hearts; 160  
But, I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft  
Quencht in the chaſt beames of the watry Moone;  
And the imperiall Votreſſe paſſed on,

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\*151. *harmonious*] Q2, F. her- | †153. *certaine*] Q2, F. certaine Q.  
monious Q. | ‡158. *the*] F.



# *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

In maiden meditation, fancy-free! 164  
 Yet markt I, where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.  
 It fell vpon a little wefterne flower;  
 Before, milke white; now purple, with Loues wound,  
 And maidens call it, 'Loue-in-idleneffe.' 168  
 Fetch mee that flowre! the herbe I shewed thee once.  
 The iewce of it, on sleeping eyeliddes laide,  
 Will make, or man or woman, madly dote  
 Vpon the next liue creature that it fees. 172  
 Fetch mee this herbe, and be thou here againe  
 Ere the *Leuiathan* can swimme a league!  
*Pu.* Ile put a girdle, round about the earth,  
 In forty minutes! *[Exit.* 176  
*Oberon.* Hauing once this iuice,  
 Ile watch *Titania*, when she is a-sleepe,  
 And droppe the liquor of it in her eyes:  
 The next thing then, she, waking, lookes vpon,  
 (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull, 180  
 On medling Monky, or on busie Ape.)  
 She shall pursue it, with the foule of Loue.  
 And ere I take this charme from off\* her fight,  
 (As I can take it with another herbe,) 184  
 Ile make her render vp her Page to mee.  
 But who comes here? I am inuifible;  
 And I will ouerheare their conference.

*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.*

*Deme.* I loue thee not! therefore pursue me not! 188  
 Where is *Lyfander*, and faire *Hermia*?  
 The one Ile flay; the other flayeth me.  
 Thou toldst me they were stolne vnto this wood:  
 And here am I; and 'wodde' (within this 'wood,') 192  
 Because I cannot meete my *Hermia*.  
 Hence! get thee† gone! and follow mee no more!  
*Hel.* You draw mee, you hard hearted Adamant!  
 But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart 196

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\*183. *from off*] from of [= off] | Q1, 2, F.  
 Q; off from Q2, F. | 192. *wodde* = mad.  
 190. *slay* . . *slayeth*] Theobald | †194. *thee*] Q2, F. the Q.  
 (Thirby conj.). stay . . stayeth |

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Is true as feele. Leauē you your power to draw,  
And I shall haue no power to follow you!

*Deme.* Doe I entise you? Doe I speake you faire?  
Or rather, doe I not, in plainest truthe, 200  
Tell you, 'I doe not, nor\* I cannot loue you'?

*Hele.* And euen for that, do I loue you the more;  
I am your Spaniell! and, *Demetrius*,  
The more you beat mee, I will fawne on you. 204  
Vse me but as your Spaniell! spurne me, strike mee,  
Neglect mee, loose me! onely giue me leauē,  
(Vnworthie as I am,) to follow you!

What worser place can I begge in your loue, 208  
(And yet, a place of high respect with mee,)  
Then to be vsed as you vse your dogge?

*Deme.* Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;  
For I am sick when I do looke on thee! 212

*Hele.* And I am sick when I looke not on you!

*Deme.* You doe impeach your modestie too much,  
To leauē the citie, and commit your selfe  
Into the hands of one that loues you not; 216  
To trust the opportunitie of night,  
And the ill counsell of a desert place,  
With the rich worth of your virginities.

*Hel.* Your vertue is my priuiledge. For that 220  
It is not night when I doe see your face,  
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night;  
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,  
For you, (in my respect,) are all the world. 224  
Then, how can it be faide, 'I am alone,'  
When 'all the world' is here to looke on mee?

*Deme.* Ile runne from thee, and hide me in the brakes,  
And leauē thee to the mercy of wilde beastes! 228

*Hel.* The wildest hath not such a heart as you!  
Runne when you will; The story shall be chaung'd:  
*Apollo* flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;  
The Doe pursues the Griffon; the milde Hinde 232  
Makes speede to catch the Tigre. Bootelesse speede,  
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies!

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\*201. *nor*] F. not Q1, 2.

## *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*Demet.* I will not stay thy questions! Let me goe!  
Or, if thou followe mee, do not beleuee 236  
But I shall doe thee mischiefe in the wood.

*Hel.* I, in the Temple, in the towne, the fieldes,  
You doe me mischiefe! *Fy, Demetrius!*  
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sex! 240  
We cannot fight for loue, as men may doe;  
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe! 242

[Exit DEMETRIUS.]

Ile follow thee, and make a heauen of hell,  
To dy vpon the hand I loue so well! [Exit \* HELENA.]

*Ob.* Fare thee well, Nymph! Ere he do leaue this groue,  
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seeke thy loue! 246

*Re-enter PUCKE.*

¶ Haft thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer!

*Puck.* I, there it is! [holds it out.]

*Ob.* I pray thee, giue it mee! [takes it.]

I know a banke, where the wilde time blowes,  
Where Oxlips, and the nodding Violet growes, 250  
Quite ouercanopi'd, with luscious woodbine,  
With sweete muske roses, and with Eglantine: 252  
There sleepe *Tytania*, sometime of the night,  
Luld in these flowers, with daunces and delight; 254  
And there the snake, throwes her enammeld skinne,  
Weed, wide enough, to wrappe a Fairy in. 256  
And, with the iuyce of this, Ile streake her eyes,  
And make her full of hatefull phantasies. 258  
Take thou some of it, and seeke through this groue!  
A sweete *Athenian* Lady, is in loue 260  
With a disdainefull youth: annoint his eyes;  
But doe it, when the next thing he espies, 262  
May be the Ladie. Thou shalt know the man  
By the *Athenian* garments he hath on. 264  
Effect it with some care, that he may prooue  
More fond on her, then she vpon her loue: 266  
And looke thou meete me ere the first Cocke crowe!

*Pu.* Feare not, my Lord! your seruant shall do so. [Exeunt.]

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238. *the fieldes*] Q. and *fieldes* Q2, F. | 251. ? An Alexandrine, or *Quite*  
\*244. *Exit Helena.*] Exit. Q2, F. | *ouer / canopi'd* / 2 measures or feet.

# A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.

Actus Secundus. Scena Secunda.

Another part of the Woode.

Enter TYTANIA, Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

<p>Quee. Come, now a Roundell, and a Fairy song !  Then, for the third part of a minute, hence !  Some to kill cankers in the musk rofe buds ;  Some warre with Reremife, for their lethren wings,  To make my small Elues coates ; and some keepe backe  The clamorous Owle, that nightly hootes and wonders  At our queint fpirits ! Sing me now a-fleepe ! *  Then to your offices, and let mee rest !</p>	<p>1        4      8</p>
---	--

Fairies *fing.*

<p><i>You spotted Snakes, with double tongue,</i>  <i>Thorny Hedgehogges, be not seene !</i>  <i>Newts and blindewormes, do no wrong !</i>  <i>Come not neere our Fairy Queene !</i>  <i>Philomele, with melody,</i>  <i>Sing in our fweete Lullaby,</i>  <i>Lulla, lulla, lullaby ! lulla, lulla, lullaby !</i>  <i>Neuer harme,</i>  <i>Nor spell, nor charme,</i>  <i>Come our louely lady nigh !</i>  <i>So, good night, with lullaby !</i></p>	<p>9    12    16    19</p>
<p>1. Fai. <i>Weauing Spiders, come not heere !</i>  <i>Hence, you long legd Spinners, hence !</i>  <i>Beetles blacke, approach not neere !</i>  <i>Worme nor fnaile, doe no offence !</i>  <i>All. Philomele, with melody, &amp;c.</i> [TYTANIA <i>sleepes.</i> †  2. Fai. Hence, away ! now all is well :  One aloofe, stand Centinell !</p>	<p>20    23   [TYTANIA <i>sleepes.</i> †  19 Fairy F. [<i>Exeunt Fairies.</i></p>

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\*7. *a-sleepe*] Q2, F. a *fleepe* Q. | *sleepes.* F (after line 26).

20. 1. *Fai.*] 2 Fairy Q. | 25. 2. *Fai.*] Q. 1 Fairy F.

†24. *Titania sleepes.*] Shee |

## *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*Enter OBERON. He squeezes iulce from the Pansy on  
TITANIAS clos'd eyelids.*

*Ob.* What thou see'st when thou doest wake, 27  
Doe it for thy true loue take!  
Loue and languish for his sake! 29  
Be it Ounce, or Catte, or Beare,  
Pard, or Boare with bristled haire, 31  
In thy eye that shall appeare  
When thou wak'st, it is thy deare!  
Wake, when some vile thing is neere! [*Exit.* 34

*Enter LYSANDER, and HERMIA.*

*Lys.* Faire loue! you fainte with wandring in the wood;  
And to speake troth, I haue forgot our way!  
Weele rest vs, *Hermia*, if you thinke it good,  
And tarry for the comfort\* of the day. 38  
*Her.* Be † it so, *Lysander*! finde you out a bedde!  
For I, vpon this banke will rest my head. [*Lyes downe.*  
*Lys.* One turfe shall serue as pillow for vs both;  
One heart, one bedde, two bosomes, and one troth! 42  
*Her.* Nay, good ‡ *Lysander*! for my sake, my deere,  
Ly further off yet! doe not lye so neere! 44  
*Lys.* O, take the sence, Sweete, of my innocence!  
Loue takes the meaning in loues conference. 46  
I meane, that my heart vnto yours is § knit,  
So that but 'one heart' wee can make of it; 48  
'Two bosomes' interchain'd with an oath;  
So then, 'two bosomes,' and a fingle 'troth.' 50  
Then, by your fide, no bed-roome me deny;  
For, 'lying' so, *Hermia*, I doe not 'lye'!  
*Her.* *Lysander* riddles very prettily! 53  
Now, much beshrewe my manners and my pride,  
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* 'lyed'! 55  
But, gentle friend, for loue and curtesie,  
Ly further off! In humane modesty, 57  
Such separation, as may well be faid

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\*38. *comfort*] Q2, F. *comfor* Q. | ‡43. *good*] Q2, F. *god* Q.  
†39. *Be*] Q2, F. *Bet* Q. | §47. *is*] Q2, F. *it* Q.  
II. ii. 27-58] 20



## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Becomes a vertuous batcheler and a maide: [*points away.* 59  
So farre, be distant! and, good night, fweete friend!

Thy loue nere alter till thy fweete life end! 61

*Lyf.* 'Amen! amen!' to that faire prayer, fay I;  
And then end life, when I end loyalty! 63

Heere is my bed: sleepe giue thee all his rest!

[*Lyes downe apart.*

*Her.* With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest! 65

[*They sleepe.\**

*Enter PUCKE.*

*Puck.* Through the forrest haue I gone;  
But *Athenian* found I none, 67

On whose eyes I might approue  
This flowers force in stirring loue. [*Sees LYSANDER.* 69

Night and silence! Who is heere?  
Weedes of *Athens* he doth weare! 71

This is hee (my master faide)  
Despised the *Athenian* maide! [*Sees HERMIA.* 73

And here the maiden, sleeping found,  
On the danke and dirty ground! 75

Pretty fowle! she durst not lye  
Neere this lack-loue, this kil-curtesie! 77

¶ Churle! vpon thy eyes I throwe  
[*Squeezes iuice on Lys.'s eyelids.*

All the power this charme doth owe!  
When thou wak'st, let loue forbidde 79

Sleepe, his feat on thy eye lidde!  
So awake, when I am gon; 81

For I must now to *Oberon*! [*Exit.* 83

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HELENA, running.*

*Hel.* Stay, though thou kill mee, fweete *Demetrius*!

*De.* I charge thee, Hence! and doe not haunt mee thus!

*Hele.* O, wilt thou (darkling) leaue mee? doe not so!

*De.* Stay, on thy perill! I alone will goe! [*Exit.*† 87

*Hel.* O, I am out of breath in this fond chafe!

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace!  
Happie is *Hermia*, wherefoere she lies; 89

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\*65. *They sleepe.*] F.

†87. *Exit.*] Exit Demetrius. F.

## *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

For she hath bleffed and attractiue eyes! 91  
 How came her eyes fo bright? Not with falt teares!  
 If fo, my eyes are oftner washt then hers. 93  
 No, no! I am as vgly as a Beare;  
 For beastes that meete mee, runne away for feare! 95  
 Therefore, no maruaile though *Demetrius*  
 Doe, as a monfter, fly my prefence thus! 97  
 What wicked and difsembling glaffe of mine,  
 Made me compare with *Hermias* fphery eyen? [*fees Lys.* 99  
 But who is here? *Lyfander*? on the ground?  
 Dead? or a-fleepe? I fee no blood, no wound! 101  
 ¶ *Lyfander*! if you liue, good fir, awake! [*shakes him.*  
*Lyf.* [*Waking*] And runne through fire I will, for thy  
 fweete fake! 103  
 Transparent *Helena*! Nature shewes Arte,  
 That through thy bofome makes me fee thy heart! 105  
 Where is *Demetrius*? Oh, how fit a word  
 Is that vile name, to perifh on my fworde! 107  
*Hel.* Do not fay fo, *Lyfander*! fay not fo!  
 What though he loue your *Hermia*? Lord, what though? 109  
 Yet *Hermia* fill loues you: then be content!  
*Lyf.* 'Content' with '*Hermia*'? No! I doe repent  
 The tedious minutes I with her haue fpend! 112  
 Not '*Hermia*,' but *Helena*, I loue!  
 Who will not change a Rauen for a doue? 114  
 The will of man, is by his reafon fwai'd;  
 And 'reafon' faies you are the worthier maide. 116  
 Things growing, are not ripe vntill their feafon:  
 So I, being young, till now ripe not to 'reafon'; 118  
 And touching now the point of humane skill,  
 'Reafon' becomes the Marfhall to my will, 120  
 And leads mee to your eyes; where I orelooke  
 Loues ftories, written in Loues richeft booke! 122  
*Hel.* Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?  
 When, at your hands, did I deferue this fcorne? 124  
 Ift not enough, ift not enough, young man,  
 That I did neuer, no, nor neuer can, 126  
 Deferue a fweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,  
 But you muft flout my infufficiency? 128  
 Good troth, you doe mee wrong, (good footh, you doe!)  
 II. ii. 91-129.] 22

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

In fuch difdainfull manner mee to wooe! 130  
But fare you well! perforce, I muft confesse,  
I thought you Lord of more true gentleneffe. 132  
O, that a Ladie, of one man refus'd,  
Should of another, therefore be abus'd! [Exit. 134  
*Lyf.* She fees not *Hermia*! ¶ *Hermia*, sleepe thou there;  
And neuer maift thou come *Lyfander* neere! 136  
For, as a furfet of the sweetest things,  
The deepeft loathing, to the stomacke bringes: 138  
Or, as the heresies that men doe leaue,  
Are hated moft of thofe they did deceiue, 140  
So thou, my furfet and my heresie,  
Of all bee hated! but the moft, of mee! 142  
And, all my powers, addrefle your loue and might,  
To honour *Helen*, and to be her knight! [Exit. 144  
*Her.* [Waking] Helpe mee, *Lyfander*! helpe mee! do  
thy beft  
To pluck this crawling serpent from my brest! 146  
Ay mee, for pittie! What a dreame was here!  
*Lyfander*! looke how I doe quake with feare! 148  
Me thought a serpent eate my heart away,  
And you fate fmiling at his cruell pray! 150  
*Lyfander*! what! remou'd? *Lyfander*! Lord!  
What! out of hearing gon? No found? no word? 152  
Alacke! where are you? Speake, and if you heare!  
Speake, of all loues! I fwoune almoft with feare! 154  
No? then I well perceiue you are not ny:  
Either death, or you, Ile finde immediately! [Exit. 156

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Actus Tertius.\* Scena Prima.*

*The Wood neere Athens. TITANIA asleepe. April 30.*

*Enter the Clownes, BOTTOM, QUINCE, SNOOT, STARVELING, SNUGGE, and FLUTE.*

*Bott.* Are wee all met? 1

*Quin.* Pat, pat! and here's a maruailes conuenient place, for our rehearfall! This greene plot shall be our stage, this hauthorne-brake our tiring house [*points to them*]; and wee will doe it in action, as wee will doe it before the Duke! 5

*Bott.* *Peeter Quince?*

*Quin.* What faiest thou, bully *Bottom*? 7

*Bot.* There are things in this comedy, of *Pyramus* and *Thisby*, that will neuer please. First, *Pyramus* must draw a sworde, to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide! How answere you that? 11

*Snout.* Berlakin! a parlous feare!

*Star.* I beleue we must leaue the killing out, when all is done.

*Bott.* Not a whit! I haue a deuise to make all well! Write me a Prologue; and let the Prologue seeme to say, 'we will doe no harme with our swords, and that *Pyramus* is not kild indeede': and for the more better assurance, tel them that 'I, *Pyramus*, am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weauer'! this will put them out of feare. 19

*Quin.* Well! wee will haue such a Prologue; and it shall be written in eight and fix. 21

*Bot.* No: make it two more! let it be written in eight & eight!

*Snout.* Will not the ladies be afeard of the Lyon?

*Star.* I feare it, I promise you! 25

*Bot.* Masters, you ought to confider with your selues,† to bring in (God shielde vs!) a Lyon among Ladies, is a most dreadfull thing! For there is not a more fearefull wilde foule then your Lyon, liuing; & we ought to looke toote! 29

\* *Actus Tertius*] F.

2. *maruailes*] Q: its way of spelling the *maruailous* of Q2, F.

Cp. 'maruailes hairy,' IV. i. 24, p. 44.

† 26. *selues*] F. selfe Q1, 2.

## *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*Sno.* Therefore, another Prologue must tel he is 'not a Lion!' 31

*Bot.* Nay! you must name his name; and halfe his face must be seene through the Lions necke; and he himselfe must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect; 'Ladies!' or 'faire Ladies!' 'I would with you,' or 'I would request you,' or 'I wold intreat you, not to feare, not to tremble: my life for yours! If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life! No! I am no such thing! I am a man, as other men are!' & there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is '*Snugge* the Ioyner'! 40

*Quin.* Well: it shall be so! But there is two hard things: that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for you know, *Pyramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moone-light. 43

*Snugge.* Doth the Moone shine\* that night we play our Play?

*Bo.* A Calender, a Calender! looke in the Almanack! finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine! [night!]

*Quin.* [*producing an Almanack*] Yes! it doth shine that

*Bot.*† Why, then may you leaue a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open; and the Moone may shine in at the casement. 51

*Quin.* I! or els, one must come in with a bush of thorns & a lantern, and say 'he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moone-shine.' Then, there is another thing: we must haue a wal in the great chamber; for *Pyramus* & *Thisby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall. 56

*Snout.* You can neuer bring in 'a wal'! What say you, *Bottom*?

*Bot.* Some man or other must present 'wall:' and let him haue some plaster, or som lome, or some rough-cast, about him; to signifie 'wall'; and let him holde his fingers thus [ < ]; and through that crany, shall *Pyramus* and *Thisby* whispe. 61

*Quin.* If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe euery mothers sonne, and reherse your parts! [*They sit downe.*]

¶ *Pyramus*, you beginne! when you haue spoken your speech, enter into that Brake<sup>1</sup>! and so euery one according to his cue.

44. *Snugge*] Sn. Q1, 2, F. Snug Fz. (*Snout* Cam., not letting *Snugge* speak in this scene.)

\*44. *shine*] Q2, F. shine Q.

†49. *Bot.*] Q2, F. Cet. Q.

60. and] Delius (Collier). or

Q1, 2, F.

<sup>1</sup> See line 4, abuv, p. 24.



## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Enter* ROBIN (PUCKE), *behind.*

Ro. What hempen homespunnes haue we swagging here,  
So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene?  
What! a play toward! Ile be an Auditor;  
An Actor too,\* perhappes, if I see cause. 69

Quin. Speake, *Pyramus*! ¶ *Thysby*, stand forth!  
[*They advance.*]

Pyra. *Thysby, the flowers of odious fauours sweete, . . .*  
(Quin. Odours! odours! †)

Py. Odours fauours sweete:

So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thysby* deare! 73

But harke! a voice! stay thou but heere a while,  
And by and by I will to thee appeare.

[*Exit 'into that Brake'.*]

(Puck.‡ A stranger *Pyramus* then ere played heere!)

[*Follows* BOT.

*Thyf.* [FLUTE.] Must I speake now? 77

Quin. I, marry, must you! For you must vnderstand, he  
goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

*Thyf.* Most radiant *Pyramus*! most lillie white of hewe!

(Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer;) 81

Most brisky *Iuuenall*, and eeke most louely lewe!

As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre,

Ile meete thee, *Pyramus*, at Ninnies tounge! 84

Quin. 'Ninus tounge,' man! Why! you must not speake  
that yet! That, you answere to *Pyramus*! You speake al  
your part at once, cues and all! ¶ *Pyramus*, enter! your cue  
is past: It is; 'neuer tyre.' 88

*Thyf.* O! 'As true as truest horse, that yet would neuer tyre!'

Re-enter PYRAMUS (BOTTOME) with the Asse head.§ ROBIN  
follows, stamping (see III. ii. 25).

Py. If I were faire, *Thysby*, I were onely thine! . . .

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted! Pray,  
masters, fly! || masters, helpe! 92

[*The Clownes all exeunt, save* BOTTOM.

\*69. too] Q2, F. to Q.

†72. odours] F. odorous Q1, 2.

‡76. Puck] F. Quin. Q1, 2.

§89. Enter . . . Asse head.] F  
(after l. 98).

||92. fly] flye Q2, F. sly Q.

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Rob.* Ile follow you! Ile leade you about a Round,  
Through bogge, through bufh, through brake, through bryer!  
Sometime a horfe Ile be, fometime a hound,  
A hogge, a headeleffe Beare, fometime a fier, 96  
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,  
Like horfe, hound, hogge, beare, fire, at euery turne! [*Exit.*  
*Bott.* Why doe they runne away? This is a knauery of  
them, to make mee afeard. 100

*Re-enter SNOWTE.*

*Sn.* O *Bottom*, thou art chaung'd! What do I fee on thee?  
*Bot.* What doe you fee? You fee an Affe-head of your  
owne, to make you? [*Exit SNOWTE.*

*Re-enter QUINCE.*

*Quin.* Bleffe thee, *Bottom*! bleffe thee! Thou art translated!  
[*Exit.*

*Bot.* I fee their knauery! This is to make an affe of mee;  
to fright me, if they could. But I wil not firre from this  
place, do what they can! I will walke vp and downe heere,  
and I will fing, that they fhall heare I am not afraide: 108

[*Sings*] *The Woofell cock, fo blacke of hewe,*

*With Orange tawny bill,*

*The Throfile, with his note fo true,*

*The Wren, with little quill, . . .* 112

(*Tytania.* [*wakes*] What Angell wakes me from my flowry  
bed?)

*Bot.* [*sings*] *The Fynch, the Sparrowe, and the Larke,*

*The plainfong Cuckow gray,*

(*Whose note, full many a man doth marke,*

*And dares not anfwere, 'nay!')* . . . . 117

For indeede, who would fet his wit to fo foolifh a birde? Who  
would giue a bird the ly, though hee cry 'Cuckow,' neuer fo?

*Tita.* [*rises*] I pray thee, gentle mortall, fing againe!  
*Myne* eare is much enamoured of thy note; 121

So is mine eye enthralled to thy fhape;

And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth mooue mee,

On the firft viewe, to fay, to fweare, 'I loue thee!' 124

*Bott.* Meethinks, miftrefle, you fhould haue little reafon  
for that! And yet, to fay the truth, reafon and loue keepe  
little company together, now a daies! The more the pitty,

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

that some honest neighbours will not make them friends!  
Nay, I can gleeke, vpon occaſion. 129

*Tyta.* Thou art as wiſe as thou art beautifull!

*Bott.* Not ſo, neither: but if I had wit enough to get out  
of this wood, I haue enough to ſerue mine owne\* turne.

*Tyta.* Out of this wood, doe not deſire to goe!  
Thou ſhalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no! 134

I am a ſpirit, of no common rate,  
(The Sommer, ſtill, doth tend vpon my ſtate;) 136

And I doe loue thee! therefore, goe with mee!  
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee; 138

And they ſhall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,  
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleepe: 140

And I will purge thy mortall groſſeneſſe ſo,  
That thou ſhalt, like an ayery ſpirit, goe. 142

¶ *Peaſe-bloſſome! Cobweb! Moth! and Muſtard-ſeede!*

*Enter theſe foure Fairyes.*

1. *Fairie.* Readie!

2. *Fairie.* And I!

3. *Fairie.* And I!

4. *Fairie.* And I!

All 4. Where ſhall we goe?

*Tita.* Be kinde and courteous to this gentleman; [*points to B.*  
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eyes; 146

Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,  
With purple Grapes, greene figges, and Mulberries;

The hony bagges, ſteale from the Humble-Bees; 149  
And, for night tapers, croppes their waxen thighes,

And light them at the fiery Glowe-wormes eyes,  
To haue my loue to bedde, and to ariſe;

And pluck the wings from painted Butterflies, 153  
To fanne the Moone-beames from his ſleeping eyes!

Nod to him, Elues, and doe him curteſies! [*They do ſo.* 155

1. *Fai.* Haile, mortall!

\*132. *owne*] Q2, F. owe Q.

144. 1. *Fairie* . . . All] Capell.  
'*Fairies.* Readie: and I, and I,  
and I.' Q, F.

146-155: the only inſtance of 10

consecutive identical rymes in Shak-  
ſpere. See 8 in *y*, below, p. 32;  
and 8 in *-e*, p. 46; and 7 in *-ing*,  
*Lucrece*, 428-434.

156-159. 1. *Fairie.* . . 4. *Fairie.*

## A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

2. *Fai.* Haile !  
 3. *Fai.* Haile !  
 4. *Fairie.* Haile ! 156  
*Bot.* I cry your worships mercy, hartily ! I beseech your  
 worshippes name !  
*Cob.* *Cobwebbe* ! 159  
*Bot.* I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good master  
*Cobweb* ! if I cut my finger, I shall make bolde with you.  
 ¶ Your name, honest gentleman ?  
*Pea.* *Pease-blossome* ! 163  
*Bot.* I pray you commend mee to mistresse *Squash*, your  
 mother, and to master *Peascod*, your father. Good master  
*Pease-blossome*, I shall desire you of more acquaintance, too.  
 ¶ Your name, I beseech you, sir !  
*Must.* *Mustardseede* ! 168  
*Bot.* Good master *Mustardseede*, I know your patience well.  
 That same cowardly gyantlike Ox-beefe hath deuoured many  
 a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred  
 hath made my eyes water, ere now. I desire your\* more  
 acquaintance, good master *Mustardseede*. 173  
*Tita.* Come, waite vpon him ! leade him to my bower ! 174  
 The Moone, me thinkes, lookes with a watry eye ;  
 And when thee weepes, weepes euery little flower, 176  
 Lamenting some enforc'd chastitie !  
 Ty vp my louers tongue ! bring him silently ! 178  
 [Exeunt, Fairies leading BOTTOM.]

### Actus Tertius. Scena Secunda.

#### Another part of the Wood. April 30.

Enter OBERON, King of Fairies ; and soon after, ROBIN  
 GOODFELLOW (PUCK).

*Ob.* I wonder if *Titania* be awak't !  
 Then, what it was, that next came in her eye,  
 Which she must dote on, in extremitie ! 3

*Haile* !] Capell. 1. *Fai.* *Haile mort-*  
*tall, haile.* 2. *Fai.* *Haile.* 3. *Fai.*  
*Haile.* Q1, 2, F. (Capell's change  
 suits best *Titania*'s 'Elues,' l. 155.  
 The 3 Fairies only, of Q, F, suits

best Bottom's leaving out *Moth*  
 afterwards here, as he does in IV. i.)  
 166. *too*] to Q1, 2, F.  
 \*172. *your*] you Q.  
 178. *Exeunt.*] Exit. Q1, 2, F.

# A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

Enter PUCKE.

Here comes my messenger! ¶ How now, mad spirit?	4
What night-rule now, about this haunted groue?	
<i>Puck.</i> My mistress, with a monster is in loue!	6
Neere to her close and consecrated bower,	
While she was in her dull and sleeping hower,	8
A crew of patches, rude Mechanicals,	
That worke for bread, vpon <i>Athenian</i> stalles,	10
Were met together, to rehearse a play	
Intended for great <i>Theſeus</i> nuptiall day.	12
The shallowest thickskinne of that barraine fort,	
(Who <i>Pyramus</i> presented in their sport,)	14
Forfooke his Scene, and entred in a brake.	
VVhen I did him at this aduantage take,	16
An Asses noll I fix'd on his head.	
Anon his <i>Thiſbie</i> must be answer'd;	18
And forth my Minnick comes! When they him spy,—	
As wilde geese, that the creeping Foulers eye,	20
Or russet-pated choughes, many in sort	
(Ryſing, and cawing, at the gunnes report)	22
Seuer themselves, and madly sweepe the sky,	
So, at his sight,—away his fellowes fly!	24
And, at our stampe, here, ore and ore, one falles;	
He 'murther' cryes, and 'helpe' from <i>Athens</i> cals.	26
Their sense thus weake, lost with their feares thus strong,	
Made senselesse things begin to doe them wrong;	28
For, briers and thornes, at their apparell snatch:	
Some, sleeues; some, hats; from yeelders all things catch.	30
I led them on in this distracted feare,	
And left sweete <i>Pyramus</i> translated there:	32
When in that moment (so it came to passe,)	
<i>Tytania</i> wak't, and straight-way lou'd an Ass!	34
<i>Ob.</i> This falles out better then I could deuise!	
But hast thou yet latcht the <i>Athenians</i> eyes,	36
With the loue iuice, as I did bid thee doe?	
<i>Rob.</i> I tooke him sleeping, (that is finisht too!*)	38
And the <i>Athenian</i> woman by his side;	
That, when he wak't, of force she must be ey'd.	40

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19. *Minnick*] Q1. Minnock Q2. Mimmick F.      \*38. *too*] to Qq, F.  
 III. ii. 4-40.]      30



# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and HERMIA.*

*Ob.* Stand close! this is the same *Athenian*.

*Rob.* This is the woman; but not this the man! 42

*Demet.* O, Why rebuke you him that loves you so?  
Lay breath so bitter, on your bitter foe! 44

*Her.* Now I but chide: but I should use thee worse,  
For thou (I feare,) hast giuen me cause to curse! 46  
If thou hast slaine *Lyfander* in his sleepe,  
Being ore shooes in blood, plunge in the deepe, 48  
& kill mee too!\*

The Sunne was not so true vnto the day,  
As hee to mee! Would hee haue stollen away 51  
From† sleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleuee as soone,  
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the Moone 53  
May through the Center creepe, and so displease  
Her brothers noonetide with th'*Antipodes*. 55  
It cannot be but thou hast murdered him!

So, should a murtherer looke! so dead, so grimme! 57

*Dem.* 'So should' the murdered 'looke,' and 'so should' I,  
Pearst through the heart with your sterne cruelty! 59  
Yet you, the 'murtherer,' looke as bright, as cleere,  
As yonder *Venus*, in her glimmering spheare. [*points to V.*

*Her.* What's this to my *Lyfander*? Where is hee?  
Ah, good *Demetrius*! wilt thou giue him mee? 63

*Deme.* I had rather giue his carcasse to my hounds!

*Her.* Out, dog! out, curre! thou driu'st me past the bounds  
Of maidens patience! Hast thou slaine him, then?  
Henceforth be neuer numbred among men! 67

O, once tell true! tell true, euen for my sake!  
Durst thou haue lookt vpon him, being awake, 69  
And hast thou kild him sleeping? O braue tutch!  
Could not a worrne, an Adder, do so much? 71

An Adder did it! For with doubler tongue  
Then thyne, (thou serpent!) neuer Adder stung! 73

*Deme.* You spende your passion on a mispris'd mood:  
I am not guilty of *Lyfanders* bloode; 75  
Nor is he deade, for ought that I can tell.

*Her.* I pray thee, tell mee, then, that he is well. 77

\*49. too] F. to Q1, 2.

†52. From] Q2, F. Frow Q.

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

<i>De.</i> And if I could, what should I get therefore ?	
<i>Her.</i> A priuiledge, neuer to see mee more :	79
And from thy hated prefence part I !	
See me no more, whether he be dead or no !	[ <i>Exit.</i>
<i>Deme.</i> There is no following her in this fierce vaine :	
Heere therefore, for a while, I will remaine.	83
So sorrowes heauineffe doth heauier growe,	
For debt, that bankrout sleepe doth forrow owe :	85
Which now (in fome slight meafure) it will pay ;	
If (for his tender) here I make fome ftay.	87
	[ <i>Lyes doune &amp; fleepes.</i>
<i>Ob.</i> [ <i>to ROB.</i> ] What haft thou done ? Thou haft miftaken	
quite,	
And laid the loue-iuice on fome true loues fight !	89
Of thy mifprifion, muft perforce enfue	
Some true loue turnd, and not a falfe turnd true !	91
<i>Robi.</i> Then fate orerules, that, one man holding troth,	
A million faile, confounding oath on oath !	93
<i>Ob.</i> About the wood, goe fwifter then the winde !	
And <i>Helena</i> of <i>Athens</i> , looke thou finde !	95
All fancy-ficke ſhe is, and pale of cheere,	
With fighes of loue, that coſts the freſh blood deare.	97
By ſome illuſion, ſee thou bring her here !	
He charme his eyes, againſt ſhe doe appeare.	99
<i>Robin.</i> I goe, I goe ! looke how I goe !	
Swifter then arrow, from the <i>Tartars</i> bowe !	[ <i>Exit.</i> 101
<i>Ob.</i> Flower of this purple dy,	102
Hit with <i>Cupids</i> archery,	
Sinke in apple of his eye ! [ <i>Drops iuice into DEMETRIUS eyes.</i>	
When his loue he doth eſpy,	105
Let her ſhine as gloriously	
As the <i>Venus</i> of the ſky !	107
When thou wak'ſt, if ſhe be by,	
Begge of her, for remedy !	109

*Re-enter PUCK.*

*Puck.* Captaine of our Fairy band,

80. I] Q, F. I ſo, Pope.	87. <i>Lyes doune &amp; ſleepes</i> ] Collier.
85. <i>ſleepe</i> ] Rowe. ſlippe Q.	Ly doune Q.
ſlip Q2, F.	

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Helena* is heere at hande; 111  
 And the youth, mistooke by mee,  
 Pleading for a louers fee.  
 Shall wee their fond pageant see?  
 Lord! what fooles these mortals bee! 115  
*Ob.* Stand aside! The noyse they make,  
 Will cause *Demetrius* to awake. 117  
*Pu.* Then will two, at once wooe one!  
 That must needes be sport alone; 119  
 And those things do best please mee,  
 That befall prepost'rously. 121

### *Enter LYSANDER, and HELENA.*

*Lyf.* Why should you think, that I should wooe in scorne?  
 Scorne and derision, neuer come in teares.  
 Looke, when I vow, I weepe; and vowes so borne, 125  
 In their natiuitie all truth appeares.  
 How can these things in mee, seeme scorne to you,  
 Bearing the badge of faith, to prooue them true? 127  
*Hel.* You doe aduance your cunning, more and more. 128  
 When trueth killes truth, ô diuelish-holy fray!  
 These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you giue her ore?  
 Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing waigh. 131  
 Your vowes to her and mee, (put in two scales,)  
 Will euen weigh, and both as light as tales. 133  
*Lyf.* I had no iudgement, when to her I swore.  
*Hel.* Nor none, in my minde, now you giue her ore. 135  
*Lyf.* *Demetrius* loues her; and he loues not you.  
*Deme.* [*Waking*] O *Helen*! goddesse, nymph, perfect, diuine!  
 To what, my loue, shall I compare thine eyne? 138  
 Chriestall is muddy! O, how ripe in shoue,  
 Thy lippes, those kissing cherries, tempting growe! 140  
 That pure conieal'd white, high *Taurus* snow,  
 Fand with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crowe, 142  
 When thou holdst vp thy hand! O! let me kisse  
 [*tries to kiss her hand.*]  
 This Princeesse of pure white, this seale of blisse! 144  
*Hel.* O spight! O hell! I see, you all are bent  
 To set against mee, for your merriment! 146  
 If you were ciuill, and knew curtesie,

# *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

You would not doe mee thus much iniury.	148
Can you not hate mee, as I know you doe,	
But you must ioyne in foules, to mocke mee too?	150
If you were men, as men you are in shewe,	
You would not vse a gentle Lady so;	152
To vowe, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,	
When I am sure you hate mee with your hearts.	154
You both are Riuals, and loue <i>Hermia</i> ;	
And now both Riualles, to mock <i>Helena</i> .	156
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,	
To coniure teares vp, in a poore maides eyes,	158
With your derision! None of noble sort	
Would so offend a virgine, and extort	
A poore foules patience, all to make you sport!	161
<i>Lyfand.</i> You are vnkinde, <i>Demetrius</i> ! be not so!	
For you loue <i>Hermia</i> ; this, you know, I know;	163
And heare, <sup>1</sup> with all good will, with all my heart,	
In <i>Hermias</i> loue I yeelde you vp my part:	165
And yours of <i>Helena</i> , to mee bequeath,	
Whom I doe loue, and will do till my death!	
<i>Hel.</i> Neuer did mockers waste more idle breath!	168
<i>Deme.</i> <i>Lyfander</i> , keepe thy <i>Hermia</i> ! I will none!	
If ere I lou'd her, all that loue is gone!	170
My heart to her, but as guestwise sojournd;	
And now to <i>Helen</i> , is it home returnd,	172
There to remaine.	
<i>Lyf.</i> <i>Helen</i> , it is not so!	
<i>Deme.</i> Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,	174
Least, to thy perill, thou aby it deare! [ <i>points to HERM.</i>	
Looke where thy loue comes! yonder is thy deare!	176

## *Re-enter HERMIA.*

<i>Her.</i> Darke night, that from the eye his function takes,	
The eare more quicke of apprehension makes;	178
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,	
It payes the hearing, double recompence.	180
¶ Thou art not, by myne eye, <i>Lyfander</i> , found:	
Mine eare, (I thanke it,) brought me to thy found!	182

<sup>1</sup> *heare* = here.

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

But why, vnkindly, didst thou leaue mee so?

*Lyf.* Why should hé stay, whom loue doth presse to go?

*Her.* What 'loue' could 'presse' *Lyfander* from my side?

*Lyf.* *Lyfanders* 'loue,' (that would not let him bide,) 186  
Faïre *Helena*! who more engilds the night

Then all yon fiery oes and eyes of light. [*points to stars.*]

Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,

The hate I bare thee, made mee leaue thee so? 190

*Her.* You speake not as you thinke: It cannot bee! 191

*Hel.* Lo! she is one of this confederacy!

Now I perceiue, they haue conioynd all three,

To fashion this false sport, in spight of mee. 194

¶ Iniurious *Hermia*! most vngratefull maide!

Haue you conspir'd, haue you with these contriu'd,

To baite mee with this foule derision?

Is all the counsell that we two haue shar'd, 198

(The sisters vowes, the howers that we haue spent,

When we haue chid the hastie-footed time

For parting vs;) O, is all forgot?

All schooldaies friendshippe, childhood innocence? 202

VVee, *Hermia*, like two artificiaall gods,

Haue, with our needles, created both one flower,

Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,

Both warbling of one song, both in one key, 206

As if our hands, our sides, voyces and mindes,

Had bin incorporate. So wee grewe together,

Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,

But yet an vnion in partition: 210

Two louely berries moulded on one stemme:

So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart,

Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,

Due but to one, and crown'd with one creast. 214

And will you rent our auncient loue asunder,

To ioyn with men in scorning your poore friend?

It is not friendly, tis not maidenly!

Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it, 218

Though I alone doe fele the iniury!

*Her.* I am amaz'd at your words!

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213. *like*] Theobald (Folkes conj.). life Q1, 2, F.



# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

I scorne you not! It seemes that you scorne mee!  
*Hel.* Haue you not set *Lyfander*, as in scorne, 222  
 To follow mee, and praise my eyes and face?  
 And made your other loue, *Demetrius*,  
 (Who euen but now did spurne mee with his foote,) 226  
 To call mee 'goddesse, nymph, diuine, and rare,  
 Pretious, celestiall'? VVherefore speakes he this  
 To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lyfander*  
 Deny your loue, (so rich within his foule,)  
 And tender mee (forsooth!) affection, 230  
 But by your setting on, by your consent?  
 VVhat though I be not so in grace as you,  
 So hung vpon with loue, so fortunate,  
 (But miserable most, to loue vnlo'd?) 234  
 This you should pittie, rather then despise!  
*Her.* I vnderstand not what you meane by this!  
*Hel.* I! doe! Perseuer! counterfait sad lookes!  
 Make mouthes vpon mee, when I turne my back! 238  
 Winke each at other! holde the sweete ieast vp!  
 This sport, well carried, shall bee chronicled!  
 If you haue any pittie, grace, or manners,  
 You would not make mee such an argument. 242  
 But fare ye well! tis partly my owne fault;  
 Which death, or absence soone shall remedy! [*Walks away.*]  
*Lyf.* Stay, gentle *Helena*! heare my excuse,  
 My loue! my life! my foule! faire *Helena*! 246  
*Hel.* O excellent!  
*Herm.* Sweete! doe not scorne her so!  
*Dem.* If she cannot entreat, I can compell.  
*Lyf.* Thou canst 'compell' no more, then she 'intreat.'  
 Thy threats haue no more strength then her weake praiers.  
 ¶ *Helen*! I loue thee! by my life I doe!  
 I sweare by that which I will loose for thee,  
 To prooue him false, that saies I loue thee not! 253  
*Dem.* I say, I loue thee more then he can do!  
*Lyf.* If thou say so, withdrawe, and prooue it too!\* 255  
*Dem.* Quick, come!

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250. *praers*] Theobald. praise Q1, 2, F.  
 \*255. *too*] F. to Q1, 2.

# A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

*Her.* *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?  
 [She throws her arms round him.  
*Lys.* Away! you *Ethiop*! [He struggles with her.  
*Dem.* [To *HERMIA*] No, no! heele . . . 257  
 [To *LYS.*] Seeme to breake loose! take on as you would follow,  
 But yet come not! You are a tame man! go! 259  
*Lys.* Hang off, thou cat, thou bur! Vile thing, let loose!  
 Or I will shake thee from mee, like a serpent!  
*Her.* Why are you growne so rude? What change is this,  
 Sweete loue?  
*Lys.* Thy 'loue'! Out, tawny *Tartar*, out! 263  
 Out, loathèd medicine! ô hated potion, hence!  
*Her.* Doe you not leaſt?  
*Hel.* Yes, ſooth: and ſo doe you!  
*Lys.* *Demetrius*, I will keepe my word with thee.  
*Dem.* I would I had your bond; for I perceiue, 267  
 A weake 'bond' holds you. [Points to *HERM.*] Ile not truſt  
 your word!  
*Lys.* What? ſhould I hurt her, ſtrike her, kill her dead?  
 Although I hate her, Ile not harme her ſo! [Throws *HERM.* off.  
*Her.* What? Can you do me greater harme, then hate?  
 'Hate' mee! wherefore? O me! what newes, my loue?  
 Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?  
 I am as faire now, as I was ere while. 274  
 Since night, you lou'd mee; yet 'ſince night,' you left mee;  
 Why then, 'you left mee' (ô, the gods forbid!)  
 In earneſt, ſhall I ſay?  
*Lys.* I, by my life!  
 And neuer did deſire to ſee thee more.  
 Therefore\* be out of hope, of queſſion, of doubt;  
 Be certaine! nothing truer! tis no leaſt, 280  
 That I doe hate thee, and loue *Helena*!  
*Her.* O mee! ¶ [To *HEL.*] You iuggler! you canker bloſſome!  
 You theefe of loue! what? haue you come by night,  
 And ſtolne my lous heart from him?  
*Hel.* Fine, I faith! 284

257. *Dem.* would have ſaid to *Her.* *Hermia*, 'No, no: heele not fight!  
 He loves his own ſkin too well!' or ſomething of the kind.—Sped-  
 ding (who is followd abuv). F reads  
 'No, no, Sir, ſeeme,' &c.  
 260. off] Q2, F. of Q.  
 \*279. *Therefore*] Q2, F. *Therefore* Q.

*A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

Haue you no modesty, no maiden shame,  
No touch of bashfulnesse? What? will you teare  
Impatient answeres from my gentle tongue?  
Fy, fy! you counterfai't, you puppet, you! 288

*Her.* 'Puppet'? Why, so! I, that way goes the game!  
Now I perceiue that she hath made compare  
Betweene our stature; she hath vrg'd her height;  
And with her personage, her tall personage, 292  
Her 'height,' (forsooth!) she hath preuaill'd with him.  
¶ And are you growne so 'high' in his esteeme,  
Because I am so dwarfish and so lowe?  
How 'lowe' am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake! 296  
How 'lowe' am I? I am not yet so 'lowe,'  
But that my nailes can reach vnto thine eyes! [*makes at* **HEL.**

*Hel.* I pray you, though you mocke me, gentlemen,\*  
Let her not hurt me! [*Gets behind them.*] I was neuer curst;  
I haue no gift at all in shrewishnesse;  
I am a right maid, for my cowardize:  
Let her not strike mee! You, perhaps, may thinke,  
Because she is something lower then my selfe, 304  
That I can match her! . . .

*Her.* 'Lower'! harke, againe!

*Hel.* Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me!  
I euermore did loue you, *Hermia*,  
Did euer keepe your counsels, neuer wrongd you; 308  
Saue that, in loue vnto *Demetrius*,  
I tould him of your stealth vnto this wood.  
He followed you; for loue, I followed him.  
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned mee 312  
To strike mee, spurne mee; nay, to kill mee too†:  
And now, so you will let me quiet goe,  
To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe,  
And follow you no further. Let me goe! [*Turns to go.* 316  
You see how simple, and how fond, I am! [*Comes back.*

*Herm.* Why! get you gon! Who ist that hinders you?

*Hel.* A foolish heart! that I leaue here behind.

*Her.* What, with *Lysander*?

*Hel.* With *Demetrius*! 320

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\*299. *gentlemen*] Q2, F. gentleman Q.

†313. *too*] F. to Q1, 2.

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Lys.* Be not afraid! she shall not harme thee, *Helena*!  
*Deme.* No, fir; she shall not! though you take her part!  
*Hel.* O, when she is angry, she is keene and shrewd!  
 She was a *vixen*, when she went to schoole: 324  
 And though she be but little, she is fierce!  
*Her.* 'Little' againe! Nothing but 'low' and 'little'!  
 ¶ Why will you suffer her to floute me thus?  
 Let me come to her! [*tries to come*]  
*Lys.* [*pushing her off*] Get you gon, you dwarfe! 328  
 You *minimus*, of hindring knot-grasse made!  
 You bead! you acorne!  
*Deme.* You are too officious,  
 In her behalfe, that scornes your seruices.  
 Let her alone! speake not of *Helena*! 332  
 Take not her part! For, if thou dost intend  
 Neuer so little shewe of loue to her,  
 Thou shalt aby it!  
*Lys.* Now she holdes me not!  
 Now follow, (if thou dar'st,) to try whose right, 336  
 Of thine or mine, is most in *Helena*!  
*Deme.* 'Follow'? Nay! Ile go with thee, cheeke by iowle.  
 [*Exeunt LYSANDER & DEMETRIUS.\**]  
*Her.* You, mistresse! all this coyle is long of you! 339  
 [*HEL. draws back*] Nay! goe not backe!  
*Hel.* I will not trust you, I,  
 Nor longer stay in your curst company! 341  
 Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;  
 My legges are longer, though, to runne away! [*Runs off.*]  
*Her.* I am amaz'd, and know not what to say! [*Exit.* 344

*Advance, OBERON and PUCKE.†*

*Ob.* This is thy negligence! still thou mistak'st,  
 Or else commitst thy knaueries wilfully!  
*Puck.* Beleeue mee, King of Shadowes, I mistooke!  
 Did not you tell mee, I shoud 'know the man  
 By the *Athenian* garments he had on'?<sup>1</sup> 349  
 And, so farre blamelesse prooues my enterprife,  
 That I haue noited an *Athenians* eyes: 351

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\*338. *Exeunt* . . .] *Exit* . . . F. | †344-5. *Advance* . . .] *Enter* . . . F.  
 344. *Exit.*] *Exeunt.* Qq. | <sup>1</sup> II. i. 263-4, p. 18.

# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

And fo farre am I glad it fo did fort,  
 As this their iangling, I efleeme a ſport! 353  
*Ob.* Thou feeſt, theſe louers ſeeke a place to fight :  
 Hy therefore, *Robin* ! ouercaſt the night ! 355  
 The ſtarry welkin, couer thou anon,  
 With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*, 357  
 And lead theſe teatly Riuals fo aſtray,  
 As one come not within anothers way. 359  
 Like to *Lyfander*, ſometime frame thy tongue ;  
 Then ſtirre *Demetrius* vp with bitter wrong ; 361  
 And ſometime raile thou like *Demetrius* ;  
 And from each other, looke thou lead them thus ; 363  
 Till ore their browes, death-counterfainting ſleepe,  
 With leaden legs, and Batty wings, doth creepe : 365  
 Then cruſh this hearbe into *Lyfanders* eye ; [*Gives the hearbe.*  
 Whoſe liquor hath this vertuous property, 367  
 To take from thence all errour, with his might,  
 And make his eyebals roule with wonted fight. 369  
 When they next wake, all this deriſiō  
 Shall ſeeme a dreame, and fruiteleſſe viſiō ; 371  
 And backe to *Athens* ſhall the louers wend,  
 With league, whoſe date, till death ſhall neuer end. 373  
 Whiles I, in this affaire, do thee imploy,  
 Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian* boy : 375  
 And then I will her charmed eye releaſe  
 From monſters view ; and all things ſhall be peace ! 377  
*Puck.* My Faiery Lord, this muſt be done with haſte,  
 For Nights ſwift Dragons cut the clouds full faſt, 379  
 And yonder ſhines *Auroras* harbinger ; [*points to the Eaſt.*  
 At whoſe approach, Ghoſts, wandring here and there, 381  
 Troope home to Churchyards : damned ſpirits all,  
 (That in croſſe-waies and floods haue buriall,) 383  
 Already to their wormy beds are gone,  
 For feare leaſt day ſhould looke their ſhames vpon : 385  
 They wilfully themſelues exile from light,  
 And muſt for aye conſort with black-browed night ! 387  
*Ober.* But we are ſpirits of another ſort !  
 I, with the Mornings Loue, haue oft made ſport, 389  
 And, like a forreſter, the groues may tread,  
 Euen till the Eaſterne gate, all fiery red. 391



# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Opening on *Neptune* with faire bleffed beames,  
Turnes into yellow golde, his falt greene streames. 393  
But notwithstanding,\* hafte! make no delay!  
We may effect this bufineffe, yet ere day. [Exit. 395  
*Pu.* Vp & down, vp & down,  
I will lead them vp & down!  
I am feard in field & town!  
*Goblin*, lead them vp & downe! 399  
Here comes one!

*Re-enter* *LYSANDER.* (*ROBIN shifts places.*<sup>1</sup>)

*Lyf.* Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*? Speak thou now!

*Rob.* Here, villaine! drawne & ready! Where art thou?

*Lyf.* I will be with thee straight!

*Rob.* Follow me then  
To plainer ground! [Exit *Lys.*

*Re-enter* *DEMETRIUS.*

*Deme.* *Lyfander!* fpeake againe! 404  
Thou runaway, thou coward! art thou fled?

Speake! in fome bush? Where doeft thou hide thy head?

*Rob.* Thou coward! art thou bragging to the ftarres,  
Telling the bufhes that thou look'ft for warres, 408

And wilt not come? Come, recreant! come, thou childe!

Ile whippe thee with a rodde! He is defil'd, 410

That drawes a fword on thee!

*De.* Yea, art thou there?

*Ro.* Follow my voice! wee! try no manhood here. [Exeunt.

*Re-enter* *LYSANDER.*

*Lyf.* He goes before me, and ftill dares me on:  
When I come where he calles, then he is gon! 414

The villaine is much lighter-heel'd then I!

I followed faft; but fafter he did fly; 416

That, fallen am I in darke vneauen way,

And here will reft me. [*Lyes† down.*] ¶ Come, thou gentle day!

For if but once thou fhewe me thy gray light,

Ile finde *Demetrius*, and reuenge this fpight! [*Sleeps.* 420

\*394. notwithstanding] Q2, F. | <sup>1</sup> See lines 1, 4, next page.  
notwithstanding Q. | †418. *Lyes down.*] lye down. F.

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Re-enter* ROBIN (*shifting places*),<sup>1</sup> and DEMETRIUS.

*Robi.* Ho, ho, ho! Coward! why comst thou not?

*Deme.* Abide me, if thou dar'st! For well I wot 422  
Thou runst before mee, shifting euery place,  
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face. 424  
Where art thou now?

*Rob.* Come hither! I am here!

*De.* Nay then, thou mockst me! Thou shalt\* buy this dear,  
If euer I thy face by day light see!  
Now, goe thy way! (Faintnesse constraineth mee 428  
To meafure out my length on this cold bed :)  
By daies approach, looke to be vifited! [*Lies down & sleeps.*

*Re-enter* HELENA.

*Hele.* O weary night, O long and tedious night, 431  
Abate thy houres! ihine comforts from the East,  
That I may backe to *Athens*, by day light,  
From these that my poore company detest! 434  
And sleepe, that sometimes shuts vp sorrowes eye,  
Steale mee a while from mine owne companie! 436  
[*Lies down & sleeps.*

*Rob.* Yet but three? Come one more!  
Two of both kindes makes vp fower. 438  
Heare thee comes, curst and fadde!  
*Cupid* is a knauish ladde,  
Thus to make poore females madde! 441

*Re-enter* HERMIA.†

*Her.* Neuer so weary, neuer so in woe, 442  
Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars:  
I can no further crawle, no further goe!  
My legges can keepe no pafe with my desires! 445  
Here will I rest mee, till the breake of day.  
Heauens shielde *Lyfander*, if they meane a fray! 447  
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

*Re-enter . . .* Robin, and Deme-  
trius. Qq. Enter Robin and De-  
metrius. F.

<sup>1</sup> F has '*shifting places*' opp.  
III. ii. 421-447.]

'fly,' l. 416.

\*426. *shalt*] Q2, F. shat Q.

†441. *Re-enter . . .* Enter Her-  
mia. Q2, F (after line 440).

# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Rob.* On the ground,  
 Sleepe found! 449  
 Ile apply  
 To your eye, [Squeezes iuice on *LYS.*'s eyelids.  
 Gentle louer, remedy! 452  
 When thou wak'ft,  
 Thou tak'ft 454  
 True delight,  
 In the fight 456  
 Of thy former ladies eye:  
 And the country prouerbe knowne,  
 That 'euery man should take his owne,'  
 In your waking shall be showen: 460  
 'Iacke shall haue *ill*:'  
 Nought shall goe ill:  
 'The man shall haue his mare again,' & 'all shall be well!' 463  
 [They sleepe all the next Act, to l. 143.\*

## *Actus Quartus.† Scena Prima.*

*The Wood, where LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HELENA, &  
 HERMIA lie asleep. April 30; May 1.*

*Enter Queene of Faieries, and Clowne (BOTTOM), and  
 Faieries (PEASE-BLOSSOME, COBWEB, MUSTARDSEEDE, &  
 the rest): and the King (OBERON) behinde them, vnseene.*

*Tita.* Come, sit thee downe vpon this flowry bed, 1  
 [She pulls him down.

While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,  
 And stick musk-roses in thy flecke smooth head,  
 And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle ioy! [kisses em.  
*Clown.* Where's *Pease-blossome*?

*Pea.* Ready!

*Clow.* Scratch my heade, *Pease-blossome*! ¶ Wher's  
 Mounfieur *Cobweb*? 8

*Cob.* Ready!

*Clo.* Mounfieur *Cobweb*, good Mounfieur, get you your  
 weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipt Humble-Bee

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451. To your] Rowe. your Q2, | \*463. They sleepe all the Act. F.  
 F. | † Actus Quartus.] F.

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

on the toppe of a thistle! and, good Mounfieur, bring mee the hony bagge! Doe not fret your felfe too much in the aſtion, Mounfieur! and, good Mounfieur, haue a care the hony bagge breake not! I wold be loath to haue you ouerflown with a honibag, *ſignior*. ¶ Where's Mounfieur \**Muſtardſeede*? 17

*Muſt.* Readie!

*Clo.* Giue me your neafe, Mounfieur † *Muſtardſeede*! [*Shakes his hand.*] Pray you, leaue your curtie, good Mounfieur!

*Muſt.* What's your will? 21

*Clo.* Nothing, good Mounfieur, but to helpe Caualery *Cobwebbe* to ſcratch. I muſt to the Barbers, Mounfieur; for me thinkes I am maruailes hairy about the face; And I am ſuch a tender Aſſe, if my haire doe but tickle mee, I muſt ſcratch! 26

*Tita.* What, wilt thou heare ſome muſique, my ſweete loue?

*Clo.* I haue a reaſonable good care in 'muſique.' Lets haue the tongs and the bones!

[*Muſicke of Tongs & Bones, Rurall Muſicke.*]

*Tyta.* Or ſay, ſweete loue, what thou deſir'ſt ‡ to eate. 30

*Clo.* Truly, a pecke of prouander! I could mounch your good dry Oates. Methinkes, I haue a great deſire to a bottle of hay! Good hay, ſweete hay, hath no fellow!

*Ty.* I haue a venturous Fairy, that ſhall ſeeke 34  
The Squirils hoord, and fetch thee thence newe nuts.

*Clo.* I had rather haue a handfull or two of dried peafe! But, I pray you, let none of your people ſtirre me: I haue an expoſition of ſleepe come vpon mee. 38

*Tyta.* Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my armes!

¶ Fairies, be gon, and be alwaies away! [*Exeunt Fairies.*]

¶ So doth the woodbine, the ſweete Honiſuckle,

[*Winds him in her armes.*]

Gently entwift: the female Iuy, ſo 42  
Enrings the barky fingers of the Elme.

\*16. *Mustardseede*] *Mastardseede*  
Q. Mustardseed, Q2, F.

†19. *Mounſieur*] Q2, F. *Moun-*  
*neur* Q.

24. *maruailes*] Q. *maruailous*  
Q2. *maruellous* F. See note on

[IV. i. 12-43.]

III. i. 2, p. 240.

‡30. *deſir'ſt*] *deſireſt* Q1, 2, F.  
But the line is Tytania's, and verſe.

35. *thee thence*] *Hanmer. thee*  
Q1, 2, F.

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

O, how I loue thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleepe.*]

*Enter* ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

*Ob.* Welcome, good *Robin*! Seest thou this sweete sight?  
Her dotage, now I doe beginne to pittie; 46

[*Points to* TIT. & BOTTOM.

For, meeting her of late, behinde the wood,  
Seeking sweete fauours for this hatefull foole,  
I did vpbraid her, and fall out with her.

For she his hairy temples then had rounded 50

With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;  
And that same deawe, which sometime on the budde

Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearles,  
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes, 54

Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.

When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,

And she, in milde tearmes, begd my patience,

I then did aske of her her changeling childe: 58

Which straight she gaue mee, and her Fairy sent,

To beare him to my bower in Fairie land.

And now I haue the boy, I will vndoe

This hatefull imperfection of her eyes. 62

And, gentle *Puck*, take this transform'd scalpe [*points to* BOT.

From off\* the heade of this *Athenian* swaine;

That, hee awaking when the other do, 66

May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,

And thinke no more of this nights accidents,

But as the scarce vexation of a Dreame.

But first I will release the Fairy Queene. 69

[*Squeezes iuice on her Eyes.*

¶ Be, as thou wast wont to bee!

See, as thou wast wont to see! 71

*Dians* budde, ore *Cupids* flower,

Hath such force, and blessed power. 73

Now, my *Titania*! wake you, my sweete Queene! [*She wakes.*

*Tita.* My *Oberon*! what visions haue I seene!

Me thought I was enamourd of an Asse.

*Ob.* There lyes your loue! [*points to* BOTTOM.

\*64. *off*] Q2, F. of Q.

72. *ore* = *over*] Theobald (Thirlby conj.). or Q1, 2, F.



# A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

*Tita.* How came these things to passe?  
O, how mine eyes doe loath his visage now! 78  
*Ob.* Silence a while! ¶ *Robin*, take off this head!  
¶ *Titania*, musicke call! and strike more dead  
Then common sleepe, of all these fiue, the sense! 81  
*Ti.* Musick, howe! musick! such as charmeth sleepe.  
[*Musick, still.\**]  
*Rob.* Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fools eyes  
peepe! [*takes the Asses head off* BOTTOM. 83]  
*Ob.* Sound, Musick! Come, my queen! take hands with  
me, [*They take hands & dance.*]  
And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be! 85  
Now, thou and I are new in amitie,  
And will to morrow midnight, solemnelly 87  
Daunce, in Duke *Thefeus* house triumphantly,  
And blesse it to all faire prosperitie. 89  
There shall the paires of faithfull louers be  
Wedded, with *Thefeus*, all in iollitie. 91  
*Rob.* Fairy King, attend, and marke!  
I do heare the morning Larke. 93  
*Ob.* Then, my Queene, in silence sad,  
Trippe we after nights shade: 95  
We, the Globe, can compasse soone,  
Swifter then the wandring Moone. 97  
*Tita.* Come, my Lord! and in our flight,  
Tell me how it came this night, 99  
That I sleeping here was found,  
With these mortals on the ground! 101  
[*Exeunt. Sleepers Lye still.†*]  
[*VVinde horne.*]

*Enter THESEUS and all his traine, with HIPPOLITA & EGEUS.*  
*May 1, Daybreak.*

*The.* Goe, one of you! finde out the forrester!  
For now our obseruation is performde:

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<p>81. <i>fiue</i>] Theobald (Thirlby  conj.). fine Q1, 2, F.  82. <i>howe</i>] ho Q2, F.  *82. <i>Musick, still</i>] F.=soft music.</p>	<p>84-91: eight rimes in <i>a</i>. See p.  28.  95. <i>after</i>] Q1. after the Q2, F.  †101. <i>Sleepers...</i>] F. Exeunt. Qq.</p>
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[IV. i. 77-103.] 46

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

And since we haue the vaward of the day,  
My loue shall heare the musicke of my hounds! 105  
Vncouple! in the westerne vallie let them goe!  
Dispatch, I say, and finde the forrester!

[Exit one of the Traine.]

¶ Wee will, faire Queene, vp to the mountaines toppe,  
And marke the musicall confusión 109  
Of hounds and Echo in coniunction.

*Hip.* I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,  
When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare  
With hounds of *Sparta*: neuer did I heare 113  
Such gallant chiding! For, besides the groues,  
The skyes, the fountaines, euery region neare  
Seemd all one mutuall cry: I neuer heard  
So musicall a discord, such sweete thunder! 117

*Thef.* My hounds are bred out of the '*Spartane*' kinde,  
So flew'd, so fanded; and their heads are hung  
VVith eares that sweepe away the morning deawe;  
Crooke-kneed, and deawlapt, like *Theffalian* Bulls; 121  
Slowe in pursuit, but matcht in mouth like bells,  
Each vnder each. A 'cry' more tunable  
Was neuer hollowd to, nor cheerd with horne,  
In '*Creete*,' in '*Sparta*,' nor in *Theffaly*! 125  
Iudge when you heare! [*Sees the Sleepers.*] But soft! What  
nymphes are these?

*Egeus.* My Lord! this is\* my daughter heere a-sleepe!  
[points to each in turn.]

And this, *Lyfander*! this, *Demetrius* is!  
This, *Helena*! old *Nedars Helena*! 129  
I wonder of their being heere together!

*The.* No doubt they rose vp earely, to obserue  
The right<sup>1</sup> of May; and, hearing our intent,  
Came heere in grace of our solemnitie . . . 133

¶ But speake, *Egeus*! is not this the day,  
That *Hermia* should giue answer of her choyce?

*Egeus.* It is, my Lord!

*Thefe.* Goe bid the huntsmen wake them with their hornes!

116. Seemd] F2. Seeme Q1, 2, F. \*127. this is] Q2, F. this Q.  
<sup>1</sup> right = rite.

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Winde hornes. Shoute within: the sleepers, all but* **BOTTOM**,  
*wake & start vp.*

*The.* Good morrow, friends! Saint *Valentine* is past! 138  
¶ Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

*Lysf.* Pardon, my Lord! [all kneel.

*The.* I pray you all, stand vp. [they rise.

I know you two are Riual enemies:  
How comes this gentle concord in the worlde, 142

That hatred is so farre from ieloufie,

To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmitie?

*Lysf.* My Lord, I shal reply amazedly, 145

Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,

I cannot truely say how I came here; 147

But as I thinke, (for truely would I speake,)—

And now I doe bethinke mee, so it is,—

I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent 150

Was, to be gon from *Athens*; where we might,

Without the perill of the *Athenian* lawe, . . . .

*Ege.* Enough, enough, my Lord! you haue enough.

I begge the law, the law, vpon his head! 154

They would haue stolne away! ¶ They would, *Demetrius*,

Thereby to haue defeated you and me:

You of your wife, and mee of my consent;

Of my consent, that she should be your wife! 158

*Deme.* My Lord! faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;

And I, in fury, hither followed them;

Faire *Helena*, in fancy following mee. 162

But, my good Lord, I wote not by what power,

(But by some power it is,) my loue to *Hermia*

(Melted as the snowe,) seemes to me now

As the remembrance of an idle gaude, 166

Which in my childehoode I did dote vpon:

And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,

The obiect and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is onely *Helena*! To her, my Lord, 170

Was I betrothed, ere I saw *Hermia*:

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*Winde . . .* ] Shoute within: they all start vp. *Winde hornes. Q.*

171. saw] Steevens. see Q1, 2, F.

# *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

But, like in sicknesse, did I loath this foode;  
But, as in health, come to my naturall tasfe,  
Now I doe with it, loue it, long for it, 174  
And will for euermore be true to it!

*The.* Faire louers, you are fortunately met!  
Of this discourse, we more will here anon.

¶ *Egeus*, I will ouerbeare your will; 178

For in the Temple, by and by, with vs,  
These couples shall eternally be knit.  
And, (for the morning now is something worne,) 182  
Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.

¶ Away, with vs, to *Athens*! Three and three, 184  
Wee! holde a feast in great solemnitie.

¶ Come, *Hyppolita*!

[*Exeunt THESEUS & all his traine, with HYPPOLITA & EGEUS.*

*Deme.* These things seeme small and vndistinguishable, 186  
Like farre off mountaines turn'd into clouds!

*Her.* Me thinks I see these things with parted eye,  
When every thing seemes double!

*Hel.* So mee thinkes:  
And I haue found \* *Demetrius*, like a iewell, 190  
Mine owne, and not mine owne!

*Dem.* Are you sure  
That we are awake? It seemes to me,  
That yet we sleepe, we dreame! Do not you thinke  
The Duke was here, and bid vs follow him? 194

*Her.* Yea, and my father! . . .

*Hel.* And *Hyppolita*! . . .

*Lyf.* And he did bid vs follow to the Temple!

*Dem.* Why, then, we are awake! lets follow him,  
And, by the way, let vs† recount our dreames! 198

[*Exeunt Louers.‡*

[*BOTTOME wakes.§*] *Clo.* When my cue comes, call mee,  
and I will answere. My next is, '*most faire Pyramus.*'

172. in] Steevens (Farmer conj.).  
a Q1, 2, F.

\*190. found] Q2, F. found Q.

†198. let vs] Q2, F. lets Q.

‡198. *Exeunt* . . .] Exit Louers. F.

§199. *Bottome wakes.*] F.

200. *most faire Pyramus*] No  
such cue is in the Enterlude: see

V. i. 187. 'Most radiant P.' III. i.

80.

## *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

Hey ho! [*yawns*] *Peeter Quince!* *Flute*, the bellows-mender!\* *Snout* the tinker! *Starueling!* Gods my life! *Stolne* [202 hence, and left mee a sleepe? I haue had a most rare vifion! I haue had a dreame, past the wit of man, to say what dreame it was! Man is but an Assē, if hee goe about to† expound this dreame. Me thought I was . . . there is no man can tell what! Me thought I was . . . and me thought I [207 had . . . But man is but a patcht‡ foole, if hee will offer to say what mee thought I had! The eye of man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not feene, mans hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceiue, nor his heart to report, [211 what my dreame was! I will get *Peter Quince* to write a Ballet of this dreame: it shall be call'd *Bottoms Dreame*, becaufe it hath no 'bottomē': and I will sing it in the latter end of a Play, before the Duke. Peraduenture, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.* 216

*Actus Quartus. § Scena Secunda.*

**Athens. QUINCES House. May 1.**

*Enter QUINCE, FLUTE (cald THISBY), SNOUT and STARUELING. ||*

*Quin.* Haue you sent to *Bottoms* house? Is he come home yet?

*Staru.\*\** Hee cannot be heard of! Out of doubt he is transported! 4

*Thyf.* If hee come not, then the Play is mard! It goes not forward: Doth it?

*Quin.* It is not possible! You haue not a man, in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Pyramus*, but he! 8

*Thyf.* No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handycraft man in *Athens*.

\*201. *mender*] Q2, F. menders Q.  
†205-6. *to expound*] Q2, F. expound Q.

‡208. *a patcht*] a patch'd F.  
patcht a Q1, 2.

215. *a Play*] *our Play* S. Walker conj.: probably right.

IV. i. 201-216; ii. 1-10.]

216. *her*] = Thisby's. Collier.  
216. *Exit.*] Q2, F.

§ *Actus Quartus*] F. Qq. om.  
|| *Flute, &c.*] *Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starueling.* F. *Flute, Thisby, and the rabble.* Q1, 2.

\*\*3. *Staru.*] F. *Flut.* Q1, 2.



## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Quin.* Yea, and the best perfon too; and hee is a very  
Paramour, for a fweete voice! 12

*Thyf.* You muft fay, 'Paragon.' A 'Paramour' is (God  
bleffe vs!) a thing of nought.

*Enter SNUG, the Ioyner (who's to play Lion).*

*Snug.* Mafters, the Duke is comming from the Temple;  
and there is two or three Lords and Ladies more married.  
If our fport had gon forward, wee had all beene made men! 17

*Thyf.* O fweete bully *Bottom*! Thus hath hee loft fix  
pence a day, during his life: hee coulde not haue fcaped fixe  
pence a day! And the Duke had not giuen him fix pence a  
day, for playing *Pyramus*, Ile be hang'd! He would haue  
deferued it! Six pence a day, in *Pyramus*, or nothing! 22

*Enter BOTTOM.*

*Bot.* Where are thefe lads? Where are thefe harts?

*[they gather round him.]*

*Quin. Bottom!* O moft couragious day! O moft happy houre!

*Bot.* Mafters! I am to difcourfe wonders: but aske me  
not what! For if I tell you, I am no\* true *Athenian*! . . . I will  
tell you euery thing, right as it fell out! 27

*Quin.* Let vs heare, fweete *Bottom*!

*Bot.* Not a word of mee! All that I will tell you, is, that the  
Duke hath dined. Get your apparrell together; good ftrings  
to your beardes, new ribands to your pumpes; meete prefently  
at the palace; euery man looke ore his part! For, the fhort and  
the long is, our play is preferd! In any cafe let *Thyby* [33  
haue cleane linnen; and let not him that plaies the Lyon, pare  
his nailes; for they fhall hang out for the Lyons clawes.  
And, moft deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor garlicke! for we  
are to vtter fweete breath: and I do not doubt but to hear them  
fay, 'it is a fweete Comedy!' No more wordes! Away! go!  
away! *[Exeunt.]*† 39

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11. too] Q2, F. to Q. \*26. no] F. not Q1, 2.

†39. *Exeunt.*] F.

## *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*Actus Quintus.\* Scena Prima.*

**Athens.** *The palace of THESEUS. May 1.*

*Enter (from the Temple) THESEUS, his Dutchesse  
HYPPOLITA, and all his traine, with PHILOSTRATE.*

*Hip.* Tis strange, my *Theseus*, that these louers speake of!

*The.* More 'straunge' then true! I neuer may beleuee

These antique fables, nor these Fairy toyes.

Louers and mad men haue such seething braines, 4

Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend

More then coole reason euer comprehends.

The lunatick, the louer, and the Poet,

Are of imagination all compact: 8

One, sees more diuels then vast hell can holde:

That is the mad man. The louer, all as frantick,

Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.

The Poets eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, 12

Doth glance from heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.

And, as Imagination bodies forth

The formes of things vnknowne, the Poets penne

Turnes them to shapes, and giues to avery nothing, 16

A locall habitation, and a name.

Such trickes hath strong imagination,

That, if it would but apprehend some ioy,

It comprehends some bringer of that ioy; 20

Or in the night, imagining some feare,

How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare!

*Dutch. Hyp.* But all the story of the night told ouer,

And all their minds transfigur'd so together, 24

More witnesseth than Fancies images,

And growes to something of great constancy;

But, howsoever, strange and admirable!

*The.* Here come the louers, full of ioy and mirth! 28

*Enter, the married Louers; LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS,*

*HERMIA and HELENA.*

Ioy, gentle friends! ioy, and fresh daies of loue,

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\* *Actus Quintus*] F.

28. *Enter* . . . ] Qq, F (after l. 27).

# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Accompany your hearts !

*Lyf.* More then to vs,  
Waite in your royall walkes, your boorde, your bedde ! 31

*The.* Come now ! what maskes, what daunces, shall wee haue,  
To weare away this long age of three hours,  
Betweene our\* after-supper, & bed-time ?  
Where is our vsuall manager of mirth ?  
What Reuels are in hand ? Is there no play, 36  
To ease the anguish of a torturing hower ?

¶ Call *Philoftrate* !

*Philoftrate.* Here, mighty *Thefeus* ! 38

*The.* Say, what abridgement haue you for this euening ?  
What maske ? what musicke ? How shall we beguile 40  
The lazy tyme, if not with some delight ?

*Philof.* There is a briefe, how many sports are ripe.  
[Gives **THESEUS** a list of Sports.]

Make choyce, of which your Highnesse will see first !

*The.* [reads] '*The battell with the Centaures, to be sung* 44  
*By an Athenian Eunuche, to the Harpe ?*'

(Weele none of that ! That, haue I tolde my loue,  
In glory of my kinsman *Hercules*.)

'*The ryot of the tipsie Bachanals,* 48  
*Tearing the Thracian finger, in their rage ?*'

(That is an olde deuise ; and it was plaid,  
When I from *Thebes* came last a conquerer.)

'*The thrife three Muses, mourning for the death* 52  
*Of learning, late deceast in beggery ?*'

(That is some *Satire* keene and criticall,  
Not forting with a nuptiall ceremony.)

'*A tedious briefe Scene of young Pyramus* 56  
*And his loue Thisby : very tragicall mirth ?*'

¶ Merry, and 'tragicall' ? 'Tedious,' and 'briefe'  
That is, hot *Ife*, and wondrous† strange snow.

How shall we find the concord of this discord ? 60

*Philof.* A Play there is, my Lord, some ten words long :  
(Which is as 'briefe' as I haue knowne a play :)

But, by ten words, my Lord, it is too long,

\* 34. our] F. Or Q1, 2.

† 59. wondrous] Q2, F. wodrous Q (? read stain'd for strange).

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Which makes it 'tedious'; For, in all the Play, There is not one word apt, one player fitted. And 'tragicall', my noble Lord, it is; For <i>Pyramus</i> therein doth kill himfelfe.	64
Which, when I saw rehearst, I must confesse, Made mine eyes water; but more merry teares, The passion of loud laughter neuer shed.	68
<i>These.</i> What are they, that doe play it?	
<i>Phil.</i> Hard-handed men, that worke in <i>Athens</i> here, Which neuer labour'd in their minds till now, And now haue toyed their vnbreathed memories With this fame Play, against your nuptiall.	72
<i>The.</i> And wee will heare it!	
<i>Phi.</i> No, my noble Lord! It is not for you! I haue heard it ouer, And it is nothing, nothing in the world; Vnlesse you can finde sport in their intents, Extreamely fretcht, and cond with cruell paine, To do you seruice.	76 80
<i>The.</i> I will heare that play! For neuer any thing can be amisse, When simpleness and duty tender it. Goe bring them in! ¶ and take your places, Ladies!	84
<i>[Exit PHILOSTRATE.]</i>	
<i>Hip.</i> I loue not to see wretchednesse orecharged; And duty, in his seruice, perishing.	
<i>The.</i> Why, gentle sweete, you shall see no such thing.	
<i>Hip.</i> He sayes, they can doe 'nothing' in this kinde.	88
<i>The.</i> The 'kinder' we, to giue them thanks for 'nothing'. Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake. And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect Takes it in might, not merit.	92
Where I haue come, great Clerkes haue purposed To greete me, with premeditated welcomes: Where I haue seene them thiner and looke pale, Make periods in the midst of sentences,	96
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares, And, in conclusion, dumbly haue broke off, Not paying mee a welcome: Trust me, sweete, Out of this silence, yet I pickt a welcome:	100
V. i. 64-100.]	
54	

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

And in the modesty of fearefull duty,  
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue  
 Of faucy and audacious eloquence.  
 Loue, therefore, and tong-tide simplicity, 104  
 In leaft, speake most, to my capacity.

*Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.*

*Philost.* So please your Grace, the Prologue is addrest!

*Duk.* Let him approach! [Florish of Trumpets.

*Enter the Prologue, Manager QUINCE,\* the Carpenter.*

*Pro.* If wee offend, it is with our good will. 108

That you should thinke, we come not to offend,  
 But with good will. To shew our simple skill,  
 That is the true beginning of our end. 111

Consider then, we come but in desfight.  
 We doe not come, as minding to content you,  
 Our true intent is. All for your delight,

Wee are not here. That you should here repent you, 115

The Actors are at hand, and, by their showe,

You shall know all, that you are like to knowe. 117

*The.* This fellow doth not stand vpon points!

*Lys.* He hath rid his Prologue like a rough Colte: hee  
 knowes not the stoppe. A good morall, my Lord! It is not  
 enough to speake; but to speake true! 121

*Hyp.* Indeed, he hath plaid on this Prologue, like a child  
 on a Recorder; a found, but not in gouernement.

*The.* His speach was like a tangled Chaine; nothing im-  
 paired, but all difordered. Who is next? 125

†TAWYER with a Trumpet before them :

*Enter PYRAMUS (BOTTOM the Weaver), and THISBY (FLUTE  
 the Bellowes-Mender), and Wall (SNOUT the Tinker),  
 and Moone-shine (STARUELING the Tailor), and Lyon  
 (SNUG the Ioiner).*

*Prologue.* Gentles! perchance you wonder at this show; 126  
 But wonder on, till truthe make all things plaine.

107. *Florish of Trumpets*] Flor.  
 Trum. Fl.

\*108. *Quince*] F.

122. *this*] Q1, 2. his F.

†125-6. *Tawyer* . . . ] F. T. was,  
 no doubt, a Player of the Globe  
 Company.



## *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*This man is Pyramus, if you would knowe ;*

[Points to each in turn.

*This beautious Lady, Thisby\* is certaine.* 129

*This man, with lyme and roughcast, doth present* 130

*Wall, that vile wall which did these louers sunder ;*

*And through wals chinke, poore foules, they are content  
To whisper. (At the which, let no man wonder.)* 133

*This man, with lanterne, dogge, and bush of thorne,* 134

*Presenteth Moone-shine ; For, if you will know,*

*By moone-shine did these louers thinke no scorne*

*To meete at Ninus tombe, there, there, to wooe.* 137

*This grizly beast, (which Lyon hight by name,)*

*The trusty Thyby, (comming first by night,)*

*Did scarre away, or rather, did affright ;*

*And as she fled, her mantle she did fall ;* 141

*Which Lyon vile, with bloody mouth did staine.*

*Anon comes Pyramus, (sweete youth, and tall,)*

*And findes his trusty Thisbyes mantle staine :* 144

*Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,* 145

*He brauely broacht his boyling bloody breast ;*

*And Thisby, tarying in Mulberry shade,*

*His dagger drewe, and dyed. For all the rest,* 148

*Let Lyon, Moone-shine, Wall, and louers twaine,*

*At large discourse, while here they doe remaine.* [Exit. 150

*The. I wonder, if the Lyon be to speake.*

*Demet. No 'wonder', my Lord ! One 'Lyon' may, when  
many Asses doe.* 153

[Exeunt Lyon, PYRAMUS, THYSBY, and Mooneshine.

*Wall. In this same enterlude it doth befall,*

*That I, one Snow† (by name) present a wall :* 155

*And such a wall, as I would haue you thinke,*

*That had in it a cranied hole or chinke,* 157

*Through which the louers, Pyramus and Thisby,*

*Did whisper often, very secretly.* 159

*This lome, this roughcast, and this stone, doth shoue*

*That I am that same wall : the truth is so.* 161

*And this the cranie is, right and finifter,*

[Holds up his fingers thus <

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\*129. *Thisby*] Q2, F. *Thsby* Q. 153. *Exeunt* . . .] Exit . . . Qq, F.

†155. *Snow†*] F. Flute Q1, 2.

## *A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.*

*Through which the fearefull louers are to whisper.* 163

*The. Would you desire lime and haire to speake better?*

*Deme. It is the wittiest partition, that euer I heard discourse,  
my Lord!*

*Re-enter BOTTOM as PYRAMUS.\**

*The. Pyramus drawes neare the wall: silence!* 167

*Py. O grim-lookt night! o night, with hue so blacke!*

*O night, which euer art, when day is not!*

*O night, O night! alacke, alacke, alacke!*

*I feare my Thisbyes promise is forgot!* 171

¶ *And thou, o wall, o sweete, o louely wall,* 172

*That standst betweene her fathers ground and mine!*

*Thou wall, o wall, O sweete and louely wall!*

*Showe mee thy chinke, to blink through with mine eyne!* 175

[*SNOUT holds up his hand, with his fingers thus <*

*Thankes, courteous wall! Ioue shield thee well, for this!* 176

*But what see I? No Thisby doe I see!*

*O wicked wall, through whome I see no blisse!*

*Curst be thy stones, for thus deceiuing mee!* 179

*The. The wall, mee thinkes, being sensible, should 'curse'  
again!*

*Pyr. No, in truth, Sir, he should not! 'Deceiuing mee' is  
Thisbyes cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through  
the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as I told you: yonder  
she comes!* 185

*Re-enter FLUTE as THISBY.*

*Thif. O wall! full often hast thou heard my mones,*

*For parting my faire Pyramus, and mee!*

*My cherry lips haue often kist thy stones;*

*Thy stones, with lime and hayre knit vp in thee.†* 180

*Pyra. I see a voice! now will I to the chinke,*

*To spy and I can heare my Thisbyes face.*

*Thisby!*

*Thif. My loue! thou art my loue, I thinke!*

*Py. 'Thinke' what thou wilt, I am thy louers Grace;* 193

*And, like Limander, am I trusty still!*

*Thif. And I, like Helen, till the Fates me kill!* 195

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\*166. *Re-enter . . .*] Enter Pyra- | †189. *vp in thee*] F. now againe  
mus. F (after line 167). | Q1, 2.

# A Midsummer Nightes Dreame.

- Pyra. Not Shafalus, to Procrus was so true!  
 Thif. As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you! 197  
 Pyr. O, kisse mee through the hole of this vilde wall!  
 Thif. I kisse the walles hole; not your lips at all! 199  
 Pyr. Wilt thou, at Ninnies tombe, meete me straight way?  
 Thy. Tide life, tyde death, I come without delay! 201  
 [Exeunt PYRAMUS & THISBY.]  
 Wal. Thus haue I, Wall, my part dischargèd so;  
 And, being done, thus wall away doth goe! [Exit Clow.\* 203  
 Duk. Now is the Murall downe† between the two neighbors!  
 Deme. No remedy, my Lord, when wals are so wilfull, to  
 heare without warning! 206  
 Dutch. (Hyp.) This is the filliest stuffe, that euer I heard!  
 Duke. The best in this kinde, are but shadowes; and the  
 worst are no worfe, if imagination amend them. 209  
 Dutch. (Hyp.) It must be your 'imagination', then; & not  
 theirs.  
 Duke. If we 'imagine' no worfe of them, then they of  
 themselues, they may passe for excellent men! Here come  
 two noble beasts, in a man and a Lyon! 214  
 Re-enter Lyon (SNUG), and Moone-shine (STARUELING),  
 with his Lanthorne, Thorne-bush & Dogge.  
 Lyon. You, Ladies, you (whose gentle hearts do feare  
 The smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floore,  
 May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here,  
 When Lyon rough, in wildest rage doth roare! 218  
 Then know that I (one ‡ Snug the Ioyner) am  
 A Lyon-fell, nor else no Lyons damme; 220  
 For, if I should, as Lyon, come in strife  
 Into this place, 'twere pittie, on my life! 222  
 Duk. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience!  
 Deme. The very 'best' at a 'beast', my Lord, that ere I saw!  
 Lys. This Lyon is a very fox for his valour!  
 Duk. True: and a goole for his discretion! 226

\*203. Exit Clow.] F.  
 †204. Murall downe] Pope (ed. 2).  
 morall downe F. Moon vsed Q  
 1, 2.  
 V. i. 196-226.]

214. Cp. 'in Pyramus.' IV. ii.  
 22.—W. A. Wright.  
 ‡219. one] F. as Q1, 2.  
 220. Lyon-fell = lion's skin, hide.

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*De.* Not so, my Lord! For his 'valour' cannot carry his 'discretion'; and the 'fox' carries the 'goofe'.

*Duk.* His 'discretion', I am sure, cannot 'carry' his 'valour'; For the 'goofe' carries not the 'fox'. It is well! leaue it to his 'discretion', and let vs listen to the Moone! 231

*Moone.* *This lanthorne doth the hornëd moone present. . . .*

*(Deme.* He should haue worne the hornes on his\* head!

*Duk.* He is no crefcent; and his hornes are inuifible, within the circumference!) 235

*Moone.* *This lanthorne doth the hornëd moone present:*

*Myselfe, the man ith Moone, doe seeme to be. . . .*

*Duke.* This is the greatestt errour of all the rest: the 'man' should be put into the 'lanthorne'. How is it else the 'man' ith Moone'? 240

*Deme.* He dares not come there, for the candle. For, you see, it is already 'in snuffe'.

*Dutch. (Hyp.)* I am aweary of this *Moone!* Would hee woulde change! 244

*Duke.* It appeares, by his small light of discretion, that hee is in the wane: but yet, in curtesie, in all reason, wee must stay the time!

*Lysan.* Proceede, *Moone!* 248

*Moon.* All that I haue to say, is to tell you, that the lanthorne is the Moone, I the man ith Moone, this thorne bush my thorne bush, and this dogge my dogge. [*Points to each.*

*Deme.* Why! All these should be in the 'lanthorne'; for all these are in the 'Moone'. But silence! here comes *Thi/by!*

*Re-enter THISBY.*

*Th.* *This is ould Ninies tumber. Where is my loue?* 254

*Lyon.* [*The Lion roares.*] *Oh!* [THISBY runs off.†]

*Dem.* Well roard, *Lyon!*

*Duke.* Well runne, *Thi/by!*

*Dutch. (Hyp.)* Well thone, *Moone!* Truly, the Moone shines with a good grace. 259

[*The Lyon touzles THISBYS mantle, & stains it with blood; then Exit.*

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\*233. his] Q2, F. nis Q.

†255. *The Lion roares. . . Thisby runs off.*] F (after 'Oh,' 255).

# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Duk.* Well mouz'd, *Lyon* !

*Dem.* And then came *Pyramus* ! . . .

*Lysf.* And fo the *Lyon* vanisht ! 261

*Re-enter PYRAMUS, girt with a Sword.*

*Pyr.* Sweete *Moone*, I thanke thee for thy sunny beams ! 262

I thanke thee, *Moone*, for shining now so bright !

For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,

I trust to take, of truest *Thitby*, fight ! 265

But stay : O spight ! [*Sees THISBY'S mantle.*

But marke, poore knight,

What dreadfull dole is here ! 268

Eyes, do you see ?

How can it bee ?

O dainty duck ! o deare ! 271

Thy mantle good, . . .

What ! staind with blood ?

Approach, ye *Furies* fell ! 274

O *Fates*, come, come !

Cut thread and thrumme !

Quaile, crush, conclude, and quell ! 277

*Duke.* This passion, & the death of a deare friend, would  
goe neere to make a man looke sad !

*Dut. (Hyp.)* Beshrewe my heart, but I pittie the man !

*Pyr.* O, wherefore, *Nature*, didst thou *Lyons* frame ? 281

Since *Lyon* vilde hath here deflour'd my deare,

Which is, (no, no !) which was, the fairest dame

That liu'd, that lou'd, that lik't, that look't with cheere ! 284

Come teares, confound !

Out, sword ! and wound [*Draws his Sword.*

The pappe of *Pyramus* ! 287

I, that left pappe,

Where heart doth hoppe. 289

Thus dy I ! thus, thus, thus ! [*Stabs himselfe.*

Now am I dead !

Now am I fled !

My soule is in the sky ! 293

Tongue, loose thy light !

*Moone*, take thy flight !

Now dy, dy ! dy, dy, dy ! [*Dies.* 296



# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

*Dem.* No 'Die' but an ace for him; For he is but 'one'.  
*Lyf.* Leffe then an 'ace', man; For he is dead, he is 'nothing'.  
*Duke.* With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recouer,  
 and yet prooue an 'Affe'. 300  
*Dut. (Hyp.)* How chance *Moone-shine* is gone, before *Thifby*  
 comes backe, and findes her loue?  
*Duk.* Shee will finde him, by starre-light. Here shee  
 comes! and her passion ends the Play. 304

## *Re-enter THISBY.\**

*Dut. (Hyp.)* Me thinkes she should not vse a long one, for  
 such a *Pyramus*: I hope she will be briefer! 306  
*Demet.* A moth will turne the ballance, which *Pyramus*,  
 which *Thifby*, is the better: he for a man; God warnd vs!  
 she, for a woman, God blesse vs!  
*Lyf.* She hath spied him already, with those sweete eyes.  
*Deme.* And thus she meanes, *videlicet* :— 311  
*Thif.* *A-sleepe, my loue?* [Shakes him.  
*What? dead! my doue?*  
*O Pyramus, arise!* 314  
*Speake, speake! Quite dumbe?*  
*Dead! dead? A tumble*  
*Must couer thy sweete eyes.* 317  
*These lilly lippes,*  
*This cherry nose,*  
*These yellow cowslippe cheekes,* 320  
*Are gon! are gon!*  
*¶ Louers, make mone!*  
*His eyes were greene as leekes.* 323  
*¶ O Sisters three!*  
*Come, come to mee,*  
*With hands as pale as milke!* 326  
*Lay them in gore,*  
*Since you haue shore*  
*With sheeres, his threede of silke!* 329

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300. yet prooue] Q. prooue Q2, line 302.  
 F. 308. warnd] Q1, 2. warrant,  
 \*Re-enter . . .] Enter . . . F (after mod. edd. he . . . blesse vs] F om.  
 61 [V. i. 297-329.

# *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

¶ *Tongue, not a word!*

¶ *Come, trusty sword!*

[*Pulls P.'s sword from his left pappe.*

*Come, blade, my breast imbrew!* [*Stabs herself.*

¶ *And farewell, friends!*

*Thus Thyſby ends:*

*Adieu, adieu, adieu!* [*Dies.* 335

*Duke.* *Moone-shine* and *Lyon* are left to bury the dead.

*Deme.* I, and *Wall* too.\*

*Bott.*† [*Starting vp*] No! I assure you, the wall is downe that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the Epilogue, or to heare a *Bergomaske* daunce between two of our company? 341

*Duke.* No 'Epilogue,' I pray you! For your Play needs no excuse. Neuer excuse! For when the Players are all deade, there neede none to be blamed. Mary, if hee that writ it had played *Pyramus*, and hangd himselfe in *Thibies* garter, it would haue beene a fine Tragedy! and so it is, truely, and very notably diſcharg'd! But come, your 'Burgomaske'! let your 'Epilogue' alone! [*A Bergomaske Daunce.* May 2. 348

The iron tongue of midnight hath tolde twelue.

Louers, to bed! tis almost Fairy time.

I feare we shall outleepe the comming morne, 352

As much as wee this night haue ouerwatcht.

This palpable-groſſe Play hath well beguil'd

The heauie gate of night! Sweete friends, to bed!

A fortnight holde we this ſolemnitie,

In nightly Reuels, and new iollity! [*Exeunt.* 356

*Enter PUCKE, with a broom.*

*Puck.* Now the hungry *Lyon* roares, 357

And the wolfe behowls the *Moone*;

Whilſt the heauie ploughman ſnores,

All with weary taske foredoone. 360

Now the waſted brands doe glowe, 361

Whilſt the ſcreech-owle, ſcreeching lowd,

\*337. *too*] Q2, F. to Q.

†338. *Bott.*] Bot. F. *Lyon* Q1, 2.

357. *Lyon*] Rowe. Lyons Q1,

2, F.

358. *behowls*] Theobald (War-

barton). beholds Q1, 2, F.

*A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Puts the wretch that lyes in woe,	
In remembrance of a shrowde.	364
Now it is the time of night,	365
That the graues, all gaping wide,	
Euery one lets forth his spright,	
In the Churchway paths to glide.	368
And wee Fairies, (that doe runne	369
By the triple <i>Hecates</i> teame,	
From the prefence of the Sunne,	
Following darkenesse like a dreame,)	372
Now are frolick : not a mouse	
Shall disturbe this hallowed house !	374
I am sent with broome, before,	
To sweepe the dust behinde the dore.	376
<i>Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with all their traine.</i>	
<i>Ob.</i> Through the house giue glimmering light,	377
By the dead and drowfie fier !	
Euery Elfe and Fairy spright,	
Hop as light as birde from brier ;	380
And this dittie, after mee,	
Sing, and daunce it trippingly !	382
<i>Tita.</i> First, rehearse your song by rote,	
To each word a warbling note !	384
Hand in hand, with Fairy grace,	
Will we sing, and blesse this place.	386
<b>OBERONS</b> <i>Song* : the Fairies sing it after him, &amp; daunce.</i>	
<i>Ob.</i> Now, vntill the breake of day,	
Through this house each Fairy fray !	388
To the best bride-bed will wee,	
Which by vs shall blessed be ;	390
And the issue there create,	
Euer shall be fortunate :	392
So shall all the couples three,	
Euer true in louing be :	394
And the blots of natures hand,	
Shall not in their issue stand,	396

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\*386. *Oberons song*] The Song. F. Song and dance. Capell.

387-408 in italics, in F, as if they were the song.

## *A Midfommer Nightes Dreame.*

Neuer mole, hare-lippe, nor scarre,	
Nor marke prodigious, (such as are	398
Despised in natiuitie,)	
Shall vpon their children be.	400
With this field-deaw consecrate,	
Euery Fairy take his gate,	402
And each feuerall chamber bleſſe,	
Through this palace with ſweete peace !	404
And the owner of it bleſt,	
Euer ſhall in ſafety reſt.	406
Trippe away ! make no ſtay !	
Meete me all, by breake of day !	408
[ <i>Exeunt all but PUCKE.</i>	

### *Epilogue.*

<i>Robin.</i> If we ſhadowes haue offended,	
Thinke but this, (and all is mended,)	410
That you haue but ſlumbred here,	
While theſe viſions did appeare.	412
And this weake and idle theame,	
(No more yielding, but a <i>DREAME</i> ,)	414
Gentles, doe not reprehend !	
If you pardon, wee will mend :	416
And, as I am an honeſt <i>Puck</i> ,	
If we haue vnearned luck,	418
Now to ſcape the Serpents tongue,	
We will make amends, ere long :	420
Elſe the <i>Puck</i> , a 'lyer' call.	
So, good night vnto you all !	422
Giue me your hands, if we be friends ;	
And <i>Robin</i> ſhall reſtore amends.	[ <i>Exit.</i> 424

405, 406. Q1, 2, F have theſe transpos'd. C. R. W., in *Illustr. Lond. News*, ſet 'em right.

*FINIS.*

## NOTES.

- p. 2, I. i. 27. Scan, for 5 measures, *This man | hath b'witcht |*; or better, for 6, *This | man hath | bewicht |*
- p. 9, I. ii. 22. *To the rest!* . . . is 'Now go on to the rest of the Players!' (see l. 32) and then the irrepressible egoist breaks out again.—B. Nicholson.
- p. 18, II. i. 249. Scan, 'I know | a banke | where the wilde / time / blowes /'. Note the pauses wrought by the long vowels and consonant-breaks, *ild—tī, im—blō*.
- p. 43, III. ii. 461. '*Iacke shall haue Fill.*' Cp. Berowne's '*Iacke hath not Gill,*' p. 82 abuv, *L. L. Lost*, V. ii. 850, and  
*'All shalbe well, Iacke shall haue Gill:*  
 Nay nay, Gill is wedded to wyll.'
- Iacke and Gill.* 12. Heywood's *Three hundred Epigrammes, vpon three hundred prouerbes.* 1562.
- p. 43, III. ii. 463. Browne prints this line as two, in his *Damoiselle*, IV. ii.
- p. 43, Direction after l. 463. A friend writes, 'This alteration of F. destroys a little bit of stage history: F. means that the Actors lie asleep on the stage while the Music plays which marks the interval between the Acts. Compare stage directions in *Marston*, Vol. i, pp. 104, 132, 162-3, 178, 191, 200, 219, 253, 254, and vol. ii, pp. 88, 227, 234.' ed. Halliwell.
- p. 44, IV. i. 22-3. *to helpe Cavalery Cobwebbe to scratch.* Grey notes that Cobwebbe has 'been despatched upon a perilous adventure': see l. 12—16. He would read *Pease-blossom*. ? A slip of Shakspeare's. We keep Cobwebbe on the stage.
- p. 50, IV. i. 207-8. *me thought I had.* ? Bottom feels his head.
- p. 51, IV. ii. 11-12. Some eds. give this speech to *Snout*, who has no other speech, and *Flute's* correction, 13-14, to *Quince*, because Quince is generally the corrector of other folk. But we know that Quince 'doth not stand upon points' (V. i. 118), that 'His speech was like a tangled chaine' (V. i. 124), and that he said Bottom went 'to see a noyse that he heard'. He might therefore mistake 'Paramour' for 'Paragon'; he was but one of the 'hempen home-spunnes' (III. i. 66), 'patches, rude Mechanicals' (III. ii. 9); and we therefore hold that no sufficient reason has been shown for changing the text, in which Q1, 2, F are firm.
- p. 53, V. i. 34. *after-supper.* ? the old *re-re-supper*.
- p. 53, V. i. 39. *abridgement*, a Play. Cp. Hamlet on the Players: "they are the abstract and breefe Chronicles of the time." II. ii. 548. (Cp. *briefe*, M. N. Dr., V. i. 42.) Or a Play as a time-shortener, pastime, entertainment.
- p. 59, V. i. 242. *in snuffe*, metaphorically, 'in anger'.
- p. 64, V. i. 420, 424. *amends.* What play had Shakspeare in hand then? The *Merchant*?
- p. 64, V. i. 423. *Giue me your hands:* clap your hands, applaud.



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